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Back on the Defensive: Bill Clinton's presidency teeters on the edge of history and humiliation. (see SPECIAL REPORT)



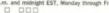
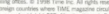
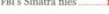
Great Performances: With star turns in two big films, Tom Hanks is the actor of the year. Plus: the best movies, TV and more

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COVER: Photograph for TIME by Cynthia Johnson

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TO OUR READERS



BOOTH FOR TIME

CATHY BOOTH, OUR WEST COAST BUREAU CHIEF and a 14-year TIME veteran, tells us that the warmth actor Tom Hanks often projects on the screen has a genuine source. "He's incredibly charming and very intelligent," she says. "He's able to shift effortlessly from Jerry Lewis imitations to why the D-day invasion was such a mess."

Booth and Los Angeles correspondent Jeffrey Ressler, a regular on the Hollywood star patrol who met with the actor on the set of his new film *The Green Mile*, say Hanks is polite even while firmly refusing to answer questions about his family. "He wants his private life to be private," says Booth, "and you have to respect that."



MARGARET CARLSON, OUR WASHINGTON COLUMNIST, works in a city where everyone's private life, especially the President's, is much too public these days. We were particularly pleased to receive her latest contribution, part of our cover package, as Carlson wrote it wearing a neck brace, a souvenir from a bruising encounter she had with a car while crossing the street last week. (No, the driver was not an angry Congressman.)

"Bad timing on my part," Carlson says. "If you're going to get run over, you should find a week when the President's not being impeached." You can catch Carlson and collar on CNN's *The Capitol Gang*, where she's a regular panelist.



WALLER FOR TIME

DOUG WALLER AND ELAINE SHANNON, two correspondents based in Washington, report this week on the CIA's and FBI's mostly clandestine campaign to thwart terrorist attacks backed by Osama bin Laden. "Obviously, these things are difficult to uncover because so much is done out of public view," says Waller, who has spent a decade tracking foreign policy. Says Shannon, who has covered law enforcement for 20 years: "This story is the result of spending a long time cultivating sources and breaking through walls of secrecy."



DORFMAN FOR TIME

ANDREA DORFMAN WAS UNCOVERING THE PAST in two stories she reported for this week's issue: one on an ancient skeleton found in South Africa, the other on the ruins of Teotihuacán in Mexico. "So much information is still unknown about who we are and where we came from," says Dorfman, who counts archeology as one of her passions. "As long as

researchers continue to find information that adds to our understanding, I think people will be fascinated." The head reporter for TIME's science sections, Dorfman joined us in 1985 after working at a scientific magazine with Michael Lemonick, who wrote this week's stories.

One last note: the phone number provided for holiday gift subscriptions in last week's issue was incorrect. We apologize for this mistake. The correct number is (800) 438-1155.

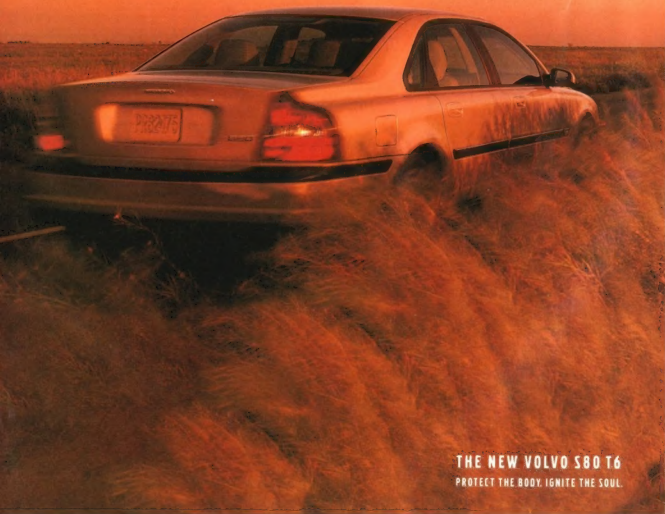
Walter Isaacson, Managing Editor

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Terry Teachout/Cleveland

Hardening the Nutcracker

In an inner-city school, the Christmas classic gets a streetwise makeover

IF IT'S DECEMBER, THIS MUST BE *THE NUTCRACKER*. WITH Christmas just days away, hardly a dancer in America isn't appearing in a production of the best loved of all classic ballets. But the *Nutcracker* being presented through this weekend by the Cleveland School of the Arts, a public magnet school whose 655 students come from some of the city's poorest neighborhoods, bears little resemblance to the traditional versions that fill most theaters at this time of year. Tchaikovsky's romantic score has been replaced by the blunt, insistent boom of a drummer pounding out rhythms on a plastic bucket. Marie, the little girl who dreams of journeying to unknown lands, has become Miesha, the knowing offspring of a single-mom family, while her godfather Drosselmeyer, though still endowed with magical powers, also plays trumpet like Miles Davis and does a mean MC Hammer imitation.

This is *An Urban Nutcracker*, the latest and most ambitious product of a five-year collaboration between Alison Chase, a founding member of the innovative Pilobolus Dance Theatre, and Bill Wade, director of YARD (Youth at Risk Dancing), a company of teenagers drawn from the student body of the Cleveland School of the Arts. It's hardly the first time *The Nutcracker* has been updated: Mark Morris' famous *The Hard Nut* is set in postmodern suburbia, while Donald Byrd's *Harlem Nutcracker* uses Duke Ellington's swinging adaptation of Tchaikovsky's score. But *An Urban Nutcracker* has a special ring of authenticity: the libretto has been completely rewritten to reflect the everyday lives of the students, and the choreography, based on long sessions of group improvisation by the 40-member cast, is an irresistibly lively fusion of Pilobolus-style modern-dance steps and hard-edged moves that come straight from the street.

Playing Miesha, Kalowa Samano, 14, with her *Nutcracker* doll



The young corps de ballet rehearses with McJunkins as the prince

At a recent rehearsal, Chase and Wade were working out a scene from the second act. One boy sat in the corner of the studio, crisply dribbling a basket-

ball; three others started slamming balls on the floor to a hip-hop beat. All at once the air was full of dancers, and what looked at first glance like boiling chaos quickly resolved into a joyous explosion of movement and sound. This is one of the "foreign lands" to which Miesha travels: a pro-basketball game. "You have to remember," Chase points out, "that for most of these kids, actually going to a real pro game would be as much of a journey as going to China or Paris."

An Urban Nutcracker is a perfectly serious work of choreographic art—Chase sees to that—but like much of what happens at the Cleveland School of the Arts, it is also an exercise in human reclamation, carried out on the tightest of budgets. Though the plaster is crumbling and the radiators are as old as fossils, these classrooms crackle with an exuberance no amount of poverty can discourage. Two-thirds of the students here come from families on public assistance, yet three-quarters of the students go on to some form of higher education. "Some will become dancers," Chase says. "Others will take the training and discipline and do something else with it." Cleotha McJunkins III, 17, the lithe, stage-savvy prince of *An Urban Nutcracker*, longs to join Pilobolus and eventually start his own company. "I know I want to dance," he says.

Yet for all the uncanny professionalism of the kids in this room, their lives are not those of ordinary dancers. As the school bell rings and the rehearsal breaks up, Wade drops his drill-sergeant manner and puts a comforting arm around a thin, anxious-looking boy whose mind is clearly elsewhere. "What's wrong?" he asks. "Trouble at home?"

"The boy nods. "I heard something I didn't want to hear," he says, looking at the floor. "I slept in the bathtub."

Later, Wade explains that on especially violent nights, many ghetto mothers put their children to bed in the tub to shield them from stray bullets. "The first three months I worked here," he says matter-of-factly, a shadow of sadness flickering across his open face, "I cried myself to sleep every night. But you get used to it. You encourage the redeemable attributes. That's what we're doing. We're teaching the kids about commitment—teaching them how to be young adults—through the discipline of dance." Then he straightens his shoulders and marches off to the next rehearsal. ■

“We’re teaching the kids about commitment.”

—BILL WADE

LETTERS



Kids and Ritalin

“Great advances in society have frequently come from the so-called misfits. Where will such ideas be found in the world of Ritalin?”

MICHAEL M. MAKIEVE
Alamo, Calif

YOUR ARTICLE ON RITALIN AS THE WONDER drug for the hyper child is not only scary but also sad [THE AGE OF RITALIN, Nov. 30]. Throughout my successful academic years, I was surrounded by a variety of students, many of whom were deemed hyperactive at a young age but each of whom managed to get into a top college. Strict parental discipline was the daily medication: no TV, no video games. I do believe there are children who have problems that require drug intervention, but forcing children to be dependent on a drug to regulate their behavior merely reflects society's unwillingness to take responsibility for its actions. There are too many unknowns to be prescribing this drug so broadly to children.

PRADNYA PARULEKAR
Troy, Mich.

OUR SON HAS ATTENTION-DEFICIT/HYPERactivity disorder for which he receives Ritalin. It is difficult to list the ways a lack of impulse control can affect a child and his family. Our son was one month away from his fifth birthday when we realized we needed help. He incinerated food in the microwave, turned off the hot-water heater and opened the water-release valve, forced several steak knives through a wooden fence and finally bloodied a pet. Does this sound like an unsupervised child? I am home full time with him, and vigilance was the key word. Even with all the unanswered questions and skepticism surrounding this disorder, our son has done extraordinarily well since taking Ritalin.

JANET TAYLOR
Pismo Beach, Calif.

EVERY TIME I HEAR THE NAME RITALIN I do a slow burn. My parents put me on the drug when I was eight. It was pretty much the doctor saying, "He's hyperactive," my parents agreeing and the doctor whipping out the prescription pad. For the next six years, my parents told me I was taking a vitamin supplement.

I'm still paying for what this garbage did to my system—and I'm 38. I've seen true, medically hyperactive kids. I wasn't one of them. What kind of society is it in which so many of us take the easiest option and drug our children with a substance we don't yet fully understand?

THOMAS WHEELER
Tucson, Ariz.

I AM A 36-YEAR-OLD ADULT WHO HAS ONLY recently discovered the attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder model. It completely explains so many lifelong obstacles and difficulties and some successes. I believe that I most certainly would have benefited from this tool of chemical therapy during my childhood. It could have greatly diminished the emotional turmoil suffered by me, my parents and my siblings. My advice to parents today: consider all options; keep looking for solutions until you find something that works for you.

ERIK CLARK
Myersville, Md.

TODAY'S BRAVE NEW WORLD HAS ITS OWN version of Soma: Ritalin. The list of behaviors that help determine if a child is hyperactive and a candidate for Ritalin is a list of behaviors all children exhibit at one time or another. Our job as parents is to teach our children to listen, sit still, concentrate and be patient and responsible. I fear what sort of adults these medicated children will become.

MARY MANCINELLI
South Lyon, Mich.

RITALIN WORKS FOR OUR SON. IT WAS THE best thing that could happen to us and to him. He became a new child. He was able to focus, stay on task, didn't get as frustrated and angry and could enjoy going to school. I am so thankful for Ritalin. As long as my son needs it, I am going to see that he gets it.

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Let's make things better.

A Starr Appearance

IN HIS PRESENTATION BEFORE THE House Judiciary Committee [NATION, Nov. 30], independent counsel Kenneth Starr did not lose, as you said. He won! And his was an even greater victory than may be implied by the standing ovation he received from Republicans. Your report was a self-serving and condescending portrayal. Starr brought to the hearing room uprightness and integrity. Not too long ago, these virtues were common in our society. Today the masses regard them as a joke.

JACK W. CARTER
Elizabeth, Colo.

WHY DID KEN STARR HAVE TO BE thanked endlessly for appearing before the Judiciary Committee? He should be eager to assist the U.S. in this crisis.

RALPH C. POTWARKA
Kitchener, Ont.

A Woman's Place

I AM MYSTIFIED BY PEOPLE WHO CHOOSE to be confirmed in the Roman Catholic Church and then demand that it drastically change, as described in your article "Not Doing as the Romans Do" [AMERI-

CAN SCENE, Nov. 30]. When Mary Rameriman joined the church in 1983, I'm sure she knew what its beliefs were. If all she wanted was a church that ran itself to her liking, she had many to choose from. If she wants to be a priest, the Episcopalians should be happy to accommodate her. But Rameriman may not be going to church to worship; she may be interested only in making waves.

G. BARRY HILLARD
Medina, Ohio

I AM A FEMALE, A "CRADLE CATHOLIC" and ineligible for the priesthood. I believe that when the dust eventually settles on the issue of female ordination, the church will need to publicly reassess its treatment of women, as it has done for so many other shameful episodes in its history: the Inquisition, Galileo and its conduct during World War II. As for the Vatican official quoted in your article who said, "Some of these women are well intentioned, but the bulk of them are power-hungry witches," someone needs to tell him that using witch as a derogatory term for women perceived as troublemakers by the Catholic Church went out of vogue a long time ago.

CHRISTINE ALLAMANNO
St. Petersburg, Fla.

More About Corporate Welfare

YOUR SERIES ON WHAT CORPORATE WELFARE costs Americans [SPECIAL REPORT: CORPORATE WELFARE, Nov. 9–Nov. 30] comes at an opportune time for those of us who have been challenging these wasteful taxpayer giveaways for decades. House Budget Committee chairman John Kasich has told me he will hold comprehensive hearings on this issue early next year. These will be the first such hearings to cover the broad spectrum of government subsidies, bailouts, giveaways and other assorted upward distributions of income from working families to corporations. Your series has provided a greater public understanding of this neglected dimension of Big Government in advance of the congressional inquiry.

RALPH NADER, CONSUMER ADVOCATE
Washington

Sugar and Spice

THE ARTICLE "SWEET DEAL" ON SUGAR production in Florida, part of your series on corporate welfare [Nov. 23], leveled numerous false charges against all Florida sugar farmers. Far from polluting the Everglades, sugar farmers have made their runoff water twice as clean as the

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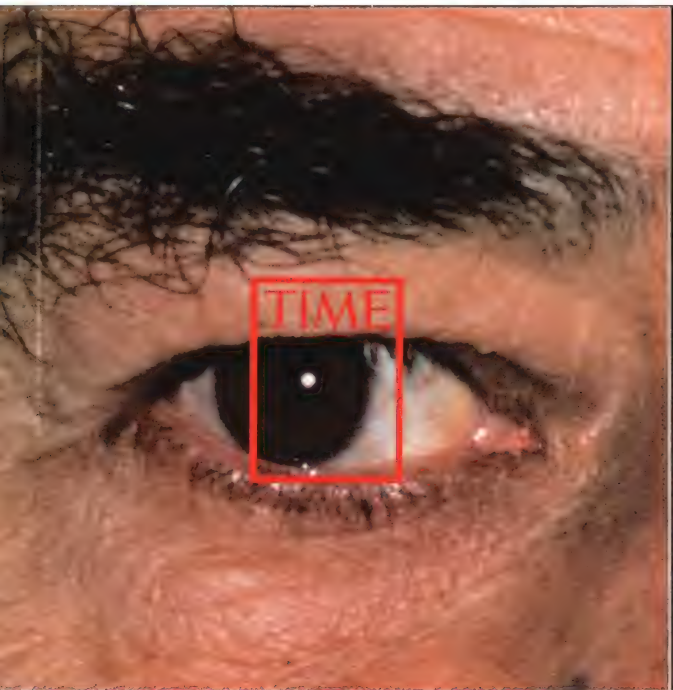


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legal standard. The \$3 billion-to-\$8 billion Everglades repair cost is for replumbing the entire water system of South Florida, where the population has grown tenfold since the system's construction in the 1950s, with suburbs pushing out farmland. Sugar farmers have spent millions meeting one of the nation's toughest water-quality standards. Rather than sparing sugar, the 1995 farm bill ended domestic acreage allotments, restricted low-risk loans and created a domestic free market in sugar. The industry has seen radical restructuring since the law passed. Today sugar prices in America are lower than anywhere else in the developed world.

ROBERT H. BUKER JR.
Senior Vice President, Corporate Affairs
U.S. Sugar Corp.
Clewiston, Fla.

HERE IN THE AREA OF MICHIGAN WHERE I live, big artificial support payments for sugar beets are ruining the family farm.

CALL OF THE WILD



Lance Morrow's article "Should Kids Hunt?" (SPORT, Nov. 30) brought a fusillade of mail. Although a fair number of readers strongly opposed hunting, many others fondly recalled their experiences outdoors with fathers, grandfathers and other family members. Several letters made the point that hunting connects people to nature. Andy Boettcher of Lombard, Ill., who began hunting in the fifth grade, noted, "I am communing with the dwindling amount of nature that America has left." Aquatic biologist Leo M. Demong of Vermontville, N.Y., agreed: "Most people are too removed from the reality of nature and rural life. Ethical hunting fosters understanding of our role in nature." But Judith Seedhouse of Burnaby, B.C., doesn't buy that view. She wrote, "I so resent the fact that people who take pleasure in destroying wildlife somehow see themselves as true naturalists. What poppycock!"

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The foreign-owned sugar plants give contracts to a certain few corporate farms, paying them enormous sums per acre. Small and midsize family farms are disappearing at an alarming rate as land rents and property taxes skyrocket and the few corporate farms fight over every acre. The megafarms are pushing the fast-disappearing topsoil to the absolute limit. All this while the local sugar plant locked out longtime employees to force wage cuts. Here too we have spent millions of taxpayer dollars to pump lake water to four or five of the wealthy corporate farms.

ERIC WASHBURN
Pigeon, Mich.

IN "SWEET DEAL" YOU STATED THAT THE cultivation of sugarcane is connected to environmental problems in Florida Bay. However, the summer 1996 edition of the *Florida Bay News*, an Everglades National Park publication, reported that "nutrients from agriculture runoff do not make it to Florida Bay." Additionally, your article incorrectly implied that the sugar industry has created much of the current need for several billion dollars of restorative measures but omitted the well-known cause for the condition of the Everglades—the massive plumb

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system installed by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to provide flood control and water supply for the millions of new South Florida residents. The state's population boom and the attendant development, runoff and water demands have played a critical part in the Everglades story—but not in your one-sided account of the situation.

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NUMB AND NUMBER.



THE CURIOUSLY STRONG MINTS[®]

VERBATIM

“Republicans will ... cut their own throat just so they can bleed on somebody.”

BILL BENNETT
President Clinton's lawyer

“And if anybody thinks vengeance is involved, I'll meet them in the parking lot later on tonight.”

REP. HOWARD COBLE,
Republican Judiciary Committee member

“She did and he didn't.”

REP. JAMES SENSENBRENNER,
Committee member on who had sex, according to Clinton

“One of the things I will miss least is walking past all of you to get to the men's room.”

REP. NEWT GINGRICH,
Outgoing Speaker of the House, to reporters

“Sinatra ... would give up his show business prominence to be a hoodlum himself if he had the courage.”

FBI DOCUMENT,
from the agency's newly released dossier on Sinatra



CLINTON'S CAVALRY: Lawyers David Kendall, Greg Craig and Charles Ruff blast back at the slings and arrows of House Republicans. The Judiciary battle may be lost, but there's still an impeachment war to fight

Illustration: Jeff Rubin (Clinton Legal Case, Sensebrenner); Photo: Spencer Platt/Corbis; Photo: Peter Dinklage/Corbis

WINNERS & LOSERS

BARNEY FRANK

The de facto Dem leader had the best line: “What did the President touch and when did he touch it?”

HOWARD COBLE

Sometimes a crusty old Southern pol is worth all the blow-dried young ones

MARY BONO

Committee's only nonlawyer got Starr to open up about his feelings. Camera loves her

BOB INGLIS

Still smarting from lost Senate bid. Sounded too much like grammar school teacher

LINDSEY GRAHAM

His folksy wisdom sounded good at first, but by the end it was just plain goofy

ROBERT WEXLER

Saw it as his solemn duty to appear on *Crossfire* as many times as possible





STATE OF THE UNION

Hoffa Takes Charge. First Target: Democrats

WASHINGTON NEVER CARED FOR HIS FATHER, and **JAMES P. HOFFA**, the newly elected president of the Teamsters Union, knows Washington will not care for him—not when Democratic Party leaders find out what he plans to do: reopen the campaign-finance scandal, take on the D.N.C. and scrutinize its fund-raising apparatus.



Hoffa

How does Hoffa propose to go where Congress wouldn't? Sources close to Hoffa say his first act as president-elect was to give the go-ahead for a multimillion-dollar

civil-racketeering suit against, among others, the D.N.C. The suit would primarily target disgraced former Teamsters president **RON CAREY** and other Teamsters officials for allegedly embezzling nearly \$1 million in cash from the union. But it would also cite top Democratic fund raisers, including **TERRENCE MCAULIFFE**, who was recently appointed chief fund raiser for Al Gore. A federal probe into Carey's 1996 election as union president found that he and representatives of the D.N.C. set up an illegal contribution swap scheme in which the Teamsters would contribute \$10 for every dollar the Democrats steered from wealthy donors into the Carey campaign. As a result, federal overseers nullified Carey's election. A new contest led to Hoffa's victory almost two weeks ago with 55% of the vote.

As part of their case, Hoffa's lawyers plan to detail the "work product" of **CHARLES RUFF**, now White House counsel, who briefly worked for the Teamsters under Carey. In 1993 Ruff allegedly paid Jack



Carey

Palladino, a San Francisco private detective, more than \$150,000 out of Teamsters funds for unspecified services. A House subcommittee that had tried to investigate the payment was stymied by legal objections from Ruff and Carey. There have been allegations that the money was for work Palladino did for Clinton in his 1992 campaign to keep stories of sexual misconduct from becoming public, or that the money was used to suppress Teamster dissidents. Ruff has denied the allegations as "false and nonsensical." (Calls to Mc-



Ruff

Auliffe's attorney were not returned.) The proposed lawsuit will contend that government monitors failed to do their job overseeing the Carey administration and, "as a result," says a source close to the suit, "more than \$20 million of taxpayer money was wasted on one election and the union went bankrupt." If Hoffa is successful, the Teamsters may be in for a windfall. Under racketeering statutes, successful plaintiffs can recover as much as triple the damages.

—By Ed Barnes/New York

COLLEGE LIFE

Murder and Pornography Roil the Yale Campus

AN IVY LEAGUE CAMPUS IN THE GRIP OF Exams can be a very scary place. But as Yale students sit down to finals this week, they fear more than a B in biochemistry. On Dec. 4, Suzanne Jovin, a senior, was stabbed to death about two miles from

campus. Police have yet to name a suspect, but last week lecturer James Van de Velde, who was advising on Jovin's thesis and lives just who blocks from the crime scene, told the New Haven, Conn., *Register* that he was grilled by police and asked if he killed her. "They had no relationship other than teacher and student," said



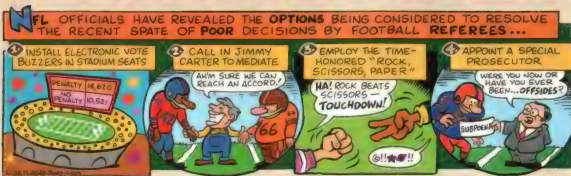
Yale

his lawyer Ira B. Grudberg. "He denies having anything to do with the murder."

As if that weren't enough, on Wednesday Yale geology professor Antonio Lasaga, charged last month with possessing child pornography, was spotted near the home of a minor related to the case and rearrested. For its part, Yale sent a letter home to parents stating that crime in New Haven has dropped 33% since 1990.

—By Jodie Morse/New Haven

THE DRAWING BOARD



The Great Logo Shift of '98

NOTHING LIKE THE END OF THE MILLENNIUM to make corporate marketing types feel like a mascot makeover. This year we've seen, among others, a new Piggly Wiggly, Colonel Sanders, Ronald McDonald and an oddly familiar Alka Seltzer boy. (That's James Carville, with wife Mary Matalin, in TV commercials for the antacid.) We asked the suits to explain the reasons behind the new look.



"Our mascot needed to be more contemporary and authentic. The

change reflects our new, bold attitude ... We're a company on the move." —Red Robin restaurants (Did he have to lose the beer?)



"Consumers told us ... that he should have a healthier, less portly look ... We slimmed him down 12%." —Piggly Wiggly grocery chain



"To create an emotional connection between Pegasus and our customers." —Mobil



"So we could capture his spunky personality, his homespun humor and his folksy phrases." —KFC



"For kids." —McDonald's



Carville isn't really the new Alka Seltzer mascot. But he sure looks as if he could be.



You Need More Aid? About That Restaurant ...

LUCKILY, BECOMING AN INTERNATIONAL laughingstock is not an impeachable offense. The Lewinsky matter is causing some allies abroad to, well, poke fun: ■ The town of Pattaya in Thailand, known mostly for its sleazy go-go clubs, beaches and nearby golf courses, last month became home to a fancy new bar called Lewinski's that will soon offer dinner fare including Ken Starr pasta and Linda Trippburgers.

■ In Sydney, Australia, managers at Madame Tussaud's traveling wax exhibition had to sew up the fly on the waxwork of Bill Clinton after visitors kept unzipping it. "Basically we needed to keep checking his fly every few hours because people keep taking photos of him with his zipper down," says Tussaud's sales manager, Joanne Ashby. People also had photos taken with the President, some kneeling before him.

■ Neapolitan craftsmen are offering Clinton and Lewinsky figurines as part of a traditional nativity scene. Says craftsman Giuseppe Ferrigno: "I like to include personalities who have been prominent during the past year. No one can deny that is true of Clinton and Lewinsky."



Wax figure of Clinton.



60 SECOND SYMPOSIUM

TOM, DICK AND MARYLAND According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, Baltimore, Md., had the highest rates of gonorrhea and syphilis of any American city in 1997. We asked some Baltimore notables to explain why their city had so much unsafe sex.

JOHN WATERS, actor, director, writer: "Unlike other urban centers where everybody is too cool to have sex, Baltimore is a more erotically spontaneous city, and that can lead to, well, annoying and nationally embarrassing consequences."



MAYOR KURT SCHMOKE: "Statistics for this year indicate these high rates of infection are declining. Beginning early in the new year, we intend to release the name and picture of one person a month convicted of soliciting for sex on the streets of our city. While foreign policy experts are worried about 'no-fly zones' in certain areas, I want to create 'no-open-fly zones' in certain areas of my city."



WILLIAM H. KEELER, Archbishop of Baltimore: "Highlighting the problem will help combat the spread of disease. We teach that chastity outside of marriage—our young people call it the True Love Waits program—is the only real way to show respect for ourselves and others. More than 7,000 of our youth have made such a written pledge."



Should Bradley Stoop to Conquer?

AT THE MOMENT THE PRESS DECIDED THAT AL GORE and George W. Bush would be the major party nominees in the next campaign for the White House, I was, by pure coincidence, wondering idly whether Bill Bradley is too tall to be President. While I was trying to gauge the awkwardness of Bradley bending himself all out of shape to greet some particularly elfin Japanese Prime Minister, my confreres, concluding that Janet Reno's decision not to sic an independent counsel on Gore tied up the last loose end, had the entire matter settled. It just shows you how far behind I've fallen.

Having formed an exploratory committee, Bradley seems serious about running this time. If he dithers again, the argument goes, he is in danger of becoming known as someone who doesn't have the drive and focus to undertake a presidential campaign—or, to look at it from another perspective, someone who has too much sense to get involved in such goings-on.

Political analysts probably see Bradley's height as an element that would be listed on the pro-running side of the ledger: in almost every election since political campaigning was transformed into a made-for-television activity, the taller candidate has won. On the side of the ledger that lists reasons for not running, Bradley will now have to include the fact that the press has already awarded the nomination to someone else. This is the sort of factor that tends to bring on dithering.

My own question about a man of considerable height is not whether he would win a presidential election but how

well he could operate as President. Yes, I'm aware that Abraham Lincoln was quite tall. But he served before the era of photo opportunities. At a time when the U.S. is trying to reassure the other nations of the world that the last remaining superpower is not a bully, that it has no interest in imposing American ideas on everyone else, and that it would never condescend to smaller, weaker nations—trying, in other words, to communicate to other nations a sort of geopolitical version of Linda Tripp's "I am you" that goes "I am you, except that I just happen to have quite a few more nuclear warheads than you do"—it doesn't help to

see the President of the United States looming over a couple of tiny guys from Asia or Central America, looking like the daddy at a child's birthday party. Is there a scrunching-down factor to be explored?

Apparently, that's now academic. The race, we're told, will be between George W. Bush and Al Gore. Both of them having absorbed the lesson that the votes are in the middle, Bush will be running on the theme of "compassionate conservatism" and Gore will be running on the theme of "practical idealism." Those of us who look to presidential campaigns for the occasional moment of entertainment can only hope that they'll switch themes in the middle and see if that makes any difference at all.

Maybe it's the grim prospect of a race down the middle of the road that has kept me weighing alternative candidates even now. In idle moments, I still find myself thinking, "Too flaky? Too boring? Too dorky? Too dumb?" I'm also exploring the scrunching-down factor, just in case. ■



BOD SQUAD

NYPD BUTT In the Marines, recruits get pinned. In fraternities, members get hazed. On *NYPD Blue*, new cast members show their buttocks. Rookie Rick Schroder was no exception.



Source: *NYPD Blue*

Number of episodes until we got to see their bottoms:

David Caruso	1
Dennis Franz	28
Sharon Lawrence	28
Jimmy Smits	7
Kim Delaney	1
Rick Schroder	2

*Exercising a quick flash in first episode when he got stool in the back

SEASON'S GREEDY



ERIC WHITE FOR TIME

THE SPIRIT OF TAKING Some people just don't get into the Christmas mood. In **Hickory, N.C.**, a woman and her children were planning to spend their first night in a new apartment when someone swiped their tree, presents, Christmas stockings and candy. In **Layton, Utah**, a thief absconded with a Salvation Army kettle, then collected all day on his own and pocketed the take. A **Grinch in Madison, Wis.**, made off with 10 van loads of toys donated by the Marines. Meanwhile, a student in **Frostburg, Md.**, so liked the tree that stood alongside the police station that he cut it down and set it up in his home without even removing the ornaments made by local children. Talk about humbug.

MILESTONES

APOLOGIZED. DON HEWITT, 76, executive producer of *60 Minutes*; for a June 1997 segment, made by Carlton Communications for the British network ITV (and also aired by Time Warner's Cinemax), which falsely claimed the Cali cartel had started a new heroin-smuggling route to London.



CONVICTED. DARLENE GILLESPIE, 57, former Mouseketeer; of securities fraud; in Los Angeles. Gillespie was accused of writing bad checks in a scheme to help a boyfriend buy \$827,000 worth of stock. She faces up to 90 years in prison.

AILING. BILL BLASS, 76, fashion designer; following a mild stroke; in Houston.



DIED. MICHAEL ZASLOW, 54, Emmy award-winning actor; of a heart attack; in New York City. CBS had dismissed Zaslow from *Guiding Light* when his speech became slurred from the effects of Lou Gehrig's disease. Undeterred, he reprised a former character on ABC's *One Life to Live*, successfully incorporating the disorder into the role and raising awareness of ALS.

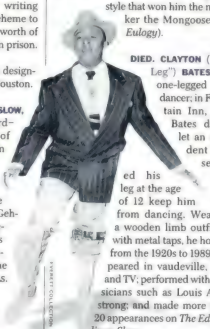
DIED. LAWTON CHILES, 68, two-term Governor of Florida known as "Walkin' Lawton" for

his campaign style; of an apparent heart attack; in Tallahassee. Chiles also served 18 years in the U.S. Senate and made a fortune as an original investor in Red Lobster restaurants. He was to leave office next month, succeeded by Jeb Bush.

DIED. ARCHIE MOORE, 84, light-heavyweight champion; in San Diego. The only boxer to fight both Rocky Marciano and Muhammad Ali (he lost both matches), he entertained fans with a fighting style that won him the moniker the Mongoose (see *Eulogy*).

DIED. CLAYTON ("Peg Leg") BATES, 91, one-legged tap dancer; in Fountain Inn, S.C. Bates didn't let an accident that severed

his leg at the age of 12 keep him from dancing. Wearing a wooden limb outfitted with metal taps, he hoofed from the 1920s to 1989; appeared in vaudeville, film and TV; performed with musicians such as Louis Armstrong; and made more than 20 appearances on *The Ed Sullivan Show*.



NUMBERS



40 Percentage of genes found in the roundworm that are also found in humans



19,099 Number of genes in the roundworm vs. an estimated 100,000 in humans



762 Number of roundworms that would fit around a pair of size 30 jeans



83 Percentage of pet owners who say they're "likely" to risk their lives for their pets



\$1,000 An amount most owners say they would be willing to spend to save their pet's life



6 million Number of stray cats and dogs put down every year in the U.S.



47.3 million Viewers who saw some or all of the Nixon impeachment hearings on network TV in 1974



1.6 million Projected number of viewers who watched the Clinton impeachment hearings this week on CNN, MSNBC or Fox News



34 Percentage of Americans who have "not read anything" about these hearings

Sources: National Human Genome Research Institute; American Aerial Hoopist Assoc.; American Humane Assn.; Nielsen; CNN/USA Today/ppt

EULOGY

When I think of **ARCHIE MOORE**, an old proverb comes to mind. Suppose you want to build a tower. First you sit down and figure the cost. Then you see if you have enough money to finish it. Otherwise, if you lay a foundation and can't complete the building, everyone will make fun of you. In all the years we talked while Archie was teaching me, he never complained about the years of being the No. 1 contender and being mistreated as champion. All I ever heard were these pieces of the foundation of a great American—the traveling on boxcars and sleeping where he could. On the night he won the Light-Heavyweight Championship but



no money, there was that gleam in his eyes. When he uttered the word champion, that made me, too, want to be a champion. Working for me and other boxers, he made it clear: "I love God, my family, and I will love you if you work hard." So Archie laid the foundation, and today he stands as a tower for all athletes,

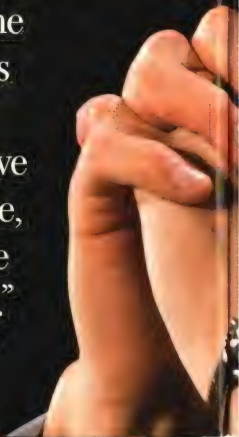
saying, "If you want it, leave your excuses behind and come and get it." Will he be missed? No—he lives! Every time a boxer or any athlete is told you are too old or too little, we will see Archie Moore smiling as big as life, saying, "No, I did it." Rest in peace, champ. You fought a great fight.

—By **George Foreman**, former heavyweight champion

By Kathleen Adams, Tam Gray, Susan Horvath, Daniel Levy, Lina Lofaro, Jeffrey Rosner, Flora Tartakovsky and Chris Taylor

“William Jefferson Clinton has undermined the integrity of his office, has brought disrepute on the Presidency, has betrayed his trust as President, and has acted in a manner subversive of the rule of law and justice, to the manifest injury of the people of the United States.”

— FROM THE ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT APPROVED BY THE HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE





TIME

By NANCY GIBBS and MICHAEL DUFFY

IT WAS AROUND 8 ON THURSDAY NIGHT IN THE White House residence when a small group of advisers quietly started talking about whether it was time for Bill Clinton to grovel again. To their surprise, he was already there: "I've been thinking about this for a couple of days," Clinton said. He had begun scratching out notes about what he would say: not another legal brief—his lawyers had been delivering those all week—but something a little more spiritual, about taking responsibility and accepting punishment and sending the signal that he finally, finally got it.

Some of his aides had something else in mind. They had been listening all week long to the Republican moderates whose votes could save the President from the impeachment that now looks likely to come this week. By Friday, Republican brokers had even fed them some actual lines for him to read, the very script that they thought just might save him—and them—from months of hell. The fence sitters weren't looking for an apology; they were looking for an admission. Say you lied, and we'll let you go free.

The words were simple: "I lied to the American people, and I'm sorry." But Clinton didn't know what to do with them. Maybe they would be enough to redeem him with those members who were prepared to vote to impeach him mainly because he had never seemed genuinely sorry for anything. But maybe they would kill him too. It's a trap, his lawyers warned. Admit that you lied, even once, and they will impeach you, then indict you, and then throw you in jail the first chance they get.

This is what happens in Washington now, where everything is personal, no one trusts anybody, the lines are down and the friendships and history have been replaced by bad blood and grudges. And so by the time he had finished his four minutes in the Rose Garden that afternoon, talking about his wrongdoing and his shame and Ben Franklin and the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam and the whole blue book of his

family's pain and his God-given abilities, the power brokers in the Capitol who had been desperate for some help were slamming down their phones. "What was he thinking?" asked one. "He'd have been better off if he'd just got on the plane and left for his Middle East trip." Some in the White House who had started the day feeling sick noted that the President was now 0 for 3: every time he opened his mouth about this subject, he made things worse. The Republican reaction was deadly. "It's like a sniper," said a G.O.P. source. "You only get one shot, and he missed it."

Less than 10 minutes after he finished, the House Judiciary Committee began to vote on the first of four articles of impeachment, each one ending, "Wherefore, William Jefferson Clinton, by such conduct, warrants impeachment and trial, and removal from office and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States."

IN A SLOW-MOTION YEAR THAT HAS SEEMED to go on forever, it is fair to wonder how we got here so fast. The public has been right about many things much of the year, but was wrong about one thing: going into last week, almost the same vast majority—68%—that opposed impeaching the President did not imagine that it would ever take place. After the November election, when the voters spoke, the G.O.P. crumpled and Newt Gingrich succumbed, many as-



ARTICLE I: PERJURY

Clinton "provided perjurious, false and misleading testimony to the grand jury..."

THE EVIDENCE Clinton has confessed to inappropriate contact with Lewinsky. But his January denial of "sexual relations" is dubious, given how broadly the term was defined. Improbable though his denial of touching her breasts and genitals may be (the actions fall under January's definition), it is his word against hers

APPROVED 21-16



Clinton's lawyer Greg Craig, foreground, after his testimony

ARTICLE II: PERJURY

"... provided perjurious, false and misleading testimony in response to questions..."

THE EVIDENCE Under the tortured definition of "sexual relations" agreed to that day, Clinton's response may not have been technically false. But his lack of recall when asked about his gifts to Lewinsky and his similar memory lapse about whether they had ever been alone defy credulity

APPROVED 20-17

ARTICLE III: OBSTRUCTION

"... prevented, obstructed and impeded the administration of justice."

THE EVIDENCE A heap of circumstantial evidence exists on the effort to get Lewinsky a job and her parallel decision to sign an affidavit, but there is no testimony that the two activities were linked. "No one ever asked me to lie, and I was never promised a job for my silence," Lewinsky told the grand jury

APPROVED 21-16

ARTICLE IV: ABUSE OF POWER

"... made perjurious, false and misleading sworn statements... [to] written requests..."

THE EVIDENCE Clinton's 81 answers stuck to his grand jury testimony. But their unhelpful tone stung the committee, and the article, shorn of references to executive privilege and "deceiving the people," is less about abuse of power than contempt of Congress, which many think is not an impeachable offense

APPROVED 21-16

SPECIAL REPORT IMPEACHMENT

sumed that the impeachment hay wagon had been run off the road, overturned, its wheels spinning in the air.

The public went off contentedly shopping, thinking the matter was all but settled, and with that, the wild rumpus began. The White House decided to go for broke: the President's allies toasted the death of neo-Puritanism, stopped talking about censure and raised the possibility that there should be no penalty at all. Clinton's lawyers finally answered those 81 questions that Judiciary chairman Henry Hyde had sent him three weeks before, but the answers were forgetful, slippery and showed no trace of repentance. Impeach me if you dare, Clinton whistled, dancing on their graves.

on ignoring them. Clinton had waited all year for the Lewinsky affair to be out of the hands of the courts and dumped in the laps of the lawmakers. The framers, after all, had designed impeachment as a political rather than a legal process, handled not by unelected judges but by the most transparently accountable branch, the legislators who have to face voters every two years. With Clinton's approval ratings still in orbit and the opposition to impeachment screaming from every last poll, it was easy for the President's men to imagine that they were over the rainbow.

Except that this House doesn't work that way. The people that count this time are not the 269 million Americans or even the 435 House members, but only the 30

challenger in their next primary. "You've got the facts and law about impeachment," says Delaware's Michael Castle, "but the bottom line is that for every member, there is a lot of politics involved in this decision."

Meanwhile, DeLay was spreading the word: most voters are against impeachment because they think it means removing Clinton from office. When they see that impeachment is really just "supercensure" or the "ultimate censure," as the Judiciary Committee's Bill McCollum of Florida has described it, they will not revolt; in two years they will not even remember. Your conservative base will be placated and your moderates won't care, because Clinton won't have gone anywhere except down in

GOING WHICH WAY?

Clinton will need solid Democratic support and at least 14 Republican votes in the House to escape impeachment. His fate will be determined by some 25 wavering C.O.P. moderates. Some votes to watch:



Connie Morella

Maryland
Her district polls pro-Clinton, and in October she said she saw no evidence of impeachable offenses. Still, she says she is "keeping an open mind"



Nancy Johnson

Connecticut
She boasted of her health-care alliance with Clinton during her campaign. But she happened to be in New Zealand last week as the impeachment process heated up



Brian Bilbray

California
Split between the G.O.P. and the Democrats, his district is tugging at a "frustrated" Bilbray, who wants "a reason that [the scandal] can be explained away"



James Walsh

New York
Disappointed by Clinton's remarks on Friday afternoon, Walsh announced on Saturday that he would vote for impeachment



John Porter

Illinois
Census would be a way to be rid of the "albattross" of impeachment, he said last month. But last week he said, "I'm not in a position to say where I am"

He was, of course, waltzing in a trap. With Gingrich and Ken Starr gone, the role of tormentor fell to majority whip Tom DeLay, the diminutive former fire-ant exterminator from Texas who knew enough to lie low and deny Clinton a repellent foil. Alone onstage with his weaselly answers, Clinton isn't all that appealing either. He made things worse by golfing a lot. As Georgia's Bob Barr, the Judiciary Committee's hangman, said with precise accuracy this week: "One of the faults of the White House, I think, is that they have a tendency—maybe this President personally, perhaps—to break out the champagne or light up the victory cigar a little bit early sometimes."

A White House governed by polls has trouble reading politicians who are bent

or so moderate Republicans, all on the political version of the endangered-species list, who come from places where most people cling religiously to the radical middle and fear the intensity of right and left. For those members the question was simple: Party or country?

MANY WANT TO SEE CLINTON pay, but not at the price of shredding the presidency. Some were just holding out for something they have never before seen from this President: a flat, clear admission of wrongdoing, stripped of self-pity or sophistry, that would allow them to spank him and move on. And others were weighing how hard it would be to fight off a conservative

history. Which is also a happy thing for Republicans, according to DeLay. "The good politics, by the way, is to leave the President in office." DeLay told TIME. "He's the best thing that's happened to this party."

By early this month, the tide had turned, and Clinton was back in his own personal Hitchcock movie. At meetings on Social Security, where he would normally cartwheel through one proposal after another, he sat fatefully quiet, sullen and completely distracted. "They tell me," Clinton remarked to a longtime aide on Dec. 4, "the votes are probably there for this thing." Another adviser told TIME later that it was "probably the worst I'd ever seen him. It's not fuzzy anymore. He really, really, really gets the idea that this is going to be a big, permanent stain on his record."

And so two weeks ago the White House that for a moment had considered not mounting any defense at all was suddenly demanding four days to make its case last week—a sign that it was worried and playing for time. “Mr. Chairman,” said the President’s lawyer Greg Craig, “I am willing to concede that in the Jones deposition, the President’s testimony was evasive, incomplete, misleading, even maddening—but it was not perjury.” The message to the moderates was direct: This President is a hound dog, but that’s not an impeachable offense.

But for some reason, the White House forgot to tell its panel of legal scholars to stow the Ivy League condescension and assume a humbler pose. If you vote for im-

to America, to the seven- and eight-year-olds, the knowledge or raised the question of what oral sex is, what telephone sex is and what you can do with a cigar sexually.” And Father Robert Drinan, the ultraliberal former member from Massachusetts, predicted that the committee would “go down in the history books as one that was dominated by vindictiveness and by vengeance and by partisanship.” Representative Howard Coble of North Carolina, who sometimes sounds like he’s still got a place on *Mayberry R.F.D.*, reacted by challenging Drinan, still in clerical garb, to a rumble. “We’re going about our business,” Coble croaked. “And if anybody thinks that vengeance is involved, I’ll meet them in the parking lot later on tonight.”

that is the heart and soul of perjury—he thought and he believed that what he was doing was being evasive but truthful.”

Then Ruff made his plea: “Let each member assume that Ms. Lewinsky’s version of the events is correct, and then ask, ‘Am I prepared to impeach the President because after having admitted having engaged in egregiously wrongful conduct, he falsely described the particulars of that conduct?’” It was a lawyer’s last stand, a final appeal to save a client from the congressional equivalent of indictment. In effect, Ruff was saying, “You know he lied and we know he lied. The only disagreement is what we ought to do about it.”

If the defense was arguing that Bill Clinton should not be held to a higher



Michael Forbes

New York

The new assistant Speaker appeared with Clinton in August to promote managed-care reform, but he may be pressured to toe the impeachment line



Jim Leach

Iowa

He has blamed his party for dragging out the process and Clinton for a defense of “blaming others.” And he has butted heads with Clinton over Whitewater



Jay Dickey

Arkansas

He represents the President’s birthplace, Hope, and his district voted strongly for Clinton. But G.O.P. leaders are counting on him to vote for impeachment



Michael Castle

Delaware

He has not made up his mind and insists his decision will not be final until the debate on the articles of impeachment by the full House is over



Rick Lazio

New York

The President’s credibility, he says, is crucial. But he is still not certain whether it has been “eroded ... to the point where [Clinton] can’t govern”



Bob Ney

Ohio

Unimpressed by last week’s defense that the President did not “necessarily lie,” he says, “Everyone in the country knows the President didn’t tell the truth”

peachment, said Princeton’s Sean Wilentz in a high-pitched, insinuating voice, you will be cast forever as “zealots and the fanatics [who] have done far more to subvert respect for the framers, for representative government and for the rule of law than any crime that has been alleged against President Clinton, and your reputations will be darkened for as long as there are Americans who can tell the difference between the rule of law and the rule of politics.”

That afternoon, the mood went from bad to worse. In trying to show that the Lewinsky affair was no Watergate, the White House exhumed some of the most partisan veterans of the 1974 Judiciary Committee. Wayne Owens, a former Democratic member from Utah, said it was the current committee’s fault that “they gave

On the second day the grownups returned. A team of former criminal justice officials argued that few in their profession would consider taking Clinton to court for lying about sex, and none would win a conviction. By the time the White House aides finally let America meet the President’s counsel, the reclusive Charles Ruff, they were making concessions they had refused to make for months. Ruff walked right up to the line of admitting that Clinton lied, stopping just short of the red zone. Clinton’s testimony in the Jones case, said Ruff, was misleading. “Reasonable people, and you maybe have reached that conclusion, could determine that he crossed over that line and that what for him was truthful but misleading or nonresponsive and misleading or evasive was, in fact, false. But in his mind—and

standard than any other criminal defendant, the Republicans were arguing that a President must be. If the nation’s chief law-enforcement officer can get away with lying under oath, whatever the subject, then the rule of law collapses, and everyone else walks. “We’ve got to do it for the children,” Representative Steve Chabot of Ohio said later.

But no Republican, not even Ken Starr, cut through the President’s mortar as efficiently as David Schippers, a Democrat hired by Hyde as majority counsel. In an angry, sarcastic and merciless presentation delivered in a penetrating Chicago twang, Schippers drilled holes in Clinton’s words, deeds and character, arguing that the President had lied repeatedly under oath, obstructed justice by helping Lewinsky get a

HOW A SENATE TRIAL WOULD PROCEED

HOW SOON? The Senate signals the House when it is ready to receive the articles of impeachment and must convene by 1 p.m. on the day after it receives them ("Sundays excepted").

That is likely to be when the new session begins in January. Once the Senate receives the articles, it remains in session until the trial is over and a final judgment is rendered. While the Senate may conduct other business, the trial is scheduled to begin daily at noon.

WHO PRESIDES? William Rehnquist, above, as Chief Justice of the U.S., would preside over the trial. All 100 members of the Senate would sit as the jury. Representative Henry Hyde, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, may be chief prosecutor. Otherwise, designated members of the House would act as "managers" of the case for impeachment. The proceedings then take on all the solemnity of a papal conclave. During the trial, the Senators are "commanded to keep silence, on pain of imprisonment." Questions must be submitted in writing to the Chief Justice, who will decide whether to introduce them. Most rules, however, can be overridden by a simple majority vote.

WILL THE TRIAL BE PUBLIC? The rules note that "the doors of the Senate shall be kept open" unless the Senate wants to deliberate in private. Guilt is decided by a two-thirds majority. It is not a secret ballot. "Each Senator, as his name is called, shall rise in his place and answer: guilty or not guilty."

CAN THE PROCEEDINGS BE STOPPED? Yes. A Senator may make a motion for the trial to be adjourned permanently. This may be passed by a simple majority. The Senate may suspend the rules on impeachment and not hold the trial at all. This requires a two-thirds majority.

WHAT HAPPENS IF THE SENATE VOTES TO CONVICT? A guilty verdict should automatically result in removal from office. But that has never happened to a President before, and some scholars argue that removal requires a separate vote. Orrin Hatch appears amenable to that view. The rules simply say that any motion to reconsider the Senate's decision to impeach "shall not be in order."



job and encouraged everyone around him to do the same. "He lied to the people, he lied to his Cabinet, he lied to his top aides, and now he's lied under oath to the Congress of the U.S. There's no one left to lie to."

Schippers played a tape recording of Clinton's testimony in the Jones case, and the committee room went silent as Clinton hemmed and hawed over whether he was ever alone with Lewinsky. Clinton sat stony-faced through another piece of tape when his lawyer, Bob Bennett, insisted to the judge that Lewinsky had signed an affidavit stating that she and the President had never had sex. And Schippers referred to the famous Clintonian phrase "it depends on what the meaning of it is" from the August session with the grand jury. "That single declaration," Schippers said, "reveals more about the character of the President than perhaps

anything else in the record... Can you imagine dealing with such a person on any important matter?"

The Republican express slowed only briefly when, on Friday, Democrats complained that Hyde and his allies were dodging their request to specify exactly which of the President's many sworn statements about Lewinsky were perjurious. The reason, argued Barney Frank of Massachusetts, was that the offending statements were all about sex, and there was no way for the Republicans to dress up something so salacious except by hiding it. "Did the President touch her here or did he not touch her here?" said Frank. "They do not want to take that to the [House] floor and to the Senate. That's their dilemma. Because if they are specific, they are trivial."

Hyde dismissed the complaint, and the



CLINTON'S DEFENSE was spearheaded by Charles Ruff, left, in wheelchair, and Greg Craig, here seen conferring just before Ruff's testimony in front of the Judiciary Committee

THE REPUBLICANS said the Democrats were whipping their members into line, but Henry Hyde, above, offered to lobby for impeachment with members of his own party

MARY BONO, right, with Lindsay Graham, was cast by the G. O. P. as the indignant Supermom, and has moved beyond her original billing as Sonny's widow



committee proceeded with voting on the articles, along party lines. "This vote says something about us," said Hyde on Friday night. "It answers the question. Just who are we, and what do we stand for? Is the President one of us, or is he a sovereign? We vote for our honor, which is the only thing we get to take with us to the grave."

ALL THE WHILE, AS THE PUBLIC MORALITY play went on in the Judiciary Committee, the private drama unfolded in hundreds of conversations among moderate Republicans, their party leaders and staff members stranded in the empty halls of the Capitol. Both sides insisted they weren't whipping the vote, but behind the scenes, every manner of pressure was applied: DeLay and his lieutenants worked from Texas and Washington, tracking down members who

during the recess were overseas or unreachable. Committee chairmen gently reminded members of old favors. In a clever bit of jujitsu, Republicans claimed the White House was trying to buy support with oblique suggestions that a vote for Clinton might free up funds for disaster relief. In fact, the Republicans had more to trade, but the Democrats had lots more to lose, which probably made it a fair fight.

Hiding somewhere behind the scenes was the next House Speaker, Bob Livingston, who is so concerned about striking the right note with the American people when he finally takes over that he is missing the most important moment of his tenure. He cut a deal with outgoing Speaker Gingrich to put a moderate colleague from Illinois, Ray LaHood, in the Speaker's chair during the sure-to-be-televised-everywhere

floor debate Thursday. Even in private, Livingston is hard to pin down: he refused in a telephone conversation with House minority leader Dick Gephardt on Wednesday even to discuss censure. "No comment," he told Gephardt. Conservatives, who forced Gingrich out, worried all week that Livingston would not fight for impeachment. It was not until Saturday that Livingston indicated that he opposed consideration of censure by the full House.

White House aides worked overtime in a hastily assembled war room on the first floor of the West Wing, where business lobbyists were asked to call lawmakers and donors were urged to phone wavering Republicans. Intermediaries issued invitations to come over and meet the President when he returns from the Middle East on Tuesday. Around the nation, state Demo-

AN IMPEACHMENT LONG AGO: ANDREW JOHNSON'S SAGA

By ADAM COHEN



IF THERE HAD BEEN A TV SHOW ANDREW Johnson: *Presidency in Crisis*, New York Tribune editor Horace Greeley would have been the star. Greeley, king of the pro-impeachment sound bite, called Johnson "an aching tooth in the national jaw, a screaming infant in a crowded lecture room," and said, "There can be no peace or comfort till he is out." And plenty of Congressmen would happily have offered up the 19th century version of talk-show rant. One Republican Representative denounced Johnson as "an ungrateful, despicable, besotted traitorous man—an incubus." Be grateful, Bill Clinton.

Political character assassination was alive and well long before cable TV and the Internet. Forget Vince Foster conspiracy theories—1860s Republicans charged that Johnson, when he was Vice President, aided in Abraham Lincoln's assassination so he could move up to the top job. Monica Lewinsky pales beside Jennie Perry, who blackmailed Johnson with charges that he fathered an illegitimate son. And Johnson's critics claimed he was conspiring to help the defeated Confederacy rise again. If Clinton were to channel Johnson, the two men—each born in poverty in the South, raised by a widow, elected Governor before he became President and tor-



AND THIS WAS THE DIBASTROUS RESULT.

eratic parties organized phone-a-thons on behalf of the President in districts held by moderate Republicans. Appeals went out over the Internet, and Working Assets, the long-distance company that uses a portion of its proceeds to fund liberal causes, set up a "1-877-TO-MOVE-ON" phone line to connect voters with their representatives. Geraldine Ferraro pitched in too: she worked the phones, calling Representatives Connie Morella of Maryland and Tillie Fowler of Florida for some girl talk. To the buttoned-up-right-to-her-brow Fowler, Ferraro made a down-and-dirty pitch: "Tillie, a man is a man is a man."

There were a few wins for the President's team, but they didn't promise much. New York Governor George Pataki endorsed censure over impeachment, and outgoing New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato said impeachment would be a "grave mistake." Democrats cheered when Representative Amo Houghton, also of New York, came aboard. But Houghton, a multimillionaire former chief of Corning Glass Works, is the very embodiment of a Rockefeller Re-

publican. "It's all fine and good," said a depressed Democratic vote counter in the House. "But it's not exactly a score. I mean, if we don't get Amo Houghton, Clinton's going to the big house."

It fell to New York's Peter King, the leader of the rump Republicans, to explain why he couldn't bring more along. "They feel it is a moral test," says King, who has been lobbying hard for censure. "By voting against impeachment, are they supporting this immoral behavior, saying it's O.K. for the President to lie and have sex with an intern in the White House?"

MODERATE REPUBLICAN BOB Franks was waiting last Friday with a blue pen, a white pad and a can of Dr Pepper in front of the TV in the study of his Berkeley Heights, N.J., home when the President began to speak. For days Franks had been signaling the White House that he would vote against impeachment if Clinton would just come clean. "As the President started speaking,

I started jotting down a couple of phrases," remembers Franks. "Then I just stopped when it was clear that he wasn't going to make an admission. I just looked at the screen and shook my head. If he had told the truth, that he had broken the law, he would have saved the nation from the ordeal of an impeachment and saved his presidency." Within an hour, Franks announced that he will vote to impeach this week.

Rather than providing a way out, Clinton's speech opened another one of those miniature windows into his soul. He talked about how hard it was to "hear yourself called deceitful and manipulative" but never admitted that he was those things. He attributed his 11 months of stonewalling and deception to his "shame" over what he had done, the one quality he has never shown. He continued to thread his presidency between the words misled and lied.

After the speech, his aides explained that Clinton had several reasons for leaving some things unsaid. He feels he has

mented by Republican foes—would have a lot to talk about. The drive to impeach Johnson, the only President to be impeached and tried in the Senate, was really about the politics of post-Civil War Reconstruction. The Radical Republicans who controlled Congress took a hard line toward Dixie. Johnson was no Confederate; he was the only Southern Congressman not to secede when his state did. But he vetoed bills that he viewed as too punitive against former slave owners, and he resisted military rule over the Southern states. Republicans were so irate, said Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, that they would have impeached Johnson “had he been accused of stepping on a dog’s tail.”

Technically, Johnson was impeached for firing his Secretary of War, Edwin Stanton, who was a Radical Republican sympathizer. Johnson’s enemies said the dismissal violated the Tenure of Office Act, a law that was later judged to be unconstitutional. The legislators threw in a few other charges, including conspiracy and bringing Congress into disrepute. “A shaggy mountain of malice had panted, heaved and labored,” an early Johnson biographer fulminated, “and this small and very scaly mouse was the result!”

If the charges against Johnson were weak, his defense was at times Clintonian. His lawyers argued he could not have “conspired” with Stanton’s successor because a Commander in Chief gives orders, which his subordinate has no choice but to accept. And they argued that the federal conspiracy law did not apply, because it covered only states and “territories,” and Washington was neither. Johnson tried to build popular support by launching a speaking tour—dubbed his “Swing Around the Circle”—but he was heckled in St. Louis, Mo., and told by an Indianapolis, Ind., mob to “shut up.” Like some of Clinton’s

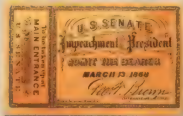
televized explaining and finger wagging, Johnson’s p.r. offensive hurt his cause.

The debate in the House was boisterous and nasty. A Congressman said Johnson had dragged the robes of his office through “the purlieus and filth of treason.” Another called his advisers “the worst men that ever crawled like filthy reptiles at the footstool of power.” The outcome was never in doubt. On Feb. 24, 1868, Johnson was impeached by a party-line vote of 126 to 47, and 11 articles of impeachment were sent to the Senate.

Johnson was tried there, with the proceedings presided over by Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase. The House sent a “board of managers,” heavy with Radical Republicans, to argue for impeachment. Johnson, defended by a bipartisan team of lawyers, did not attend. The trial was a great spectacle—the galleries were packed—but few new facts came to light.

To get the two-thirds needed to convict, the Republicans could afford only six defections from their ranks. It all came down to Senator Edmund Ross, a Kansas Republican and the only fence-sitter. Ross was “hunted like a fox” by both sides, the *New York Tribune* wrote. In the end, he backed Johnson, who was kept in office by a single vote.

Defecting to Johnson came at a cost. None of the seven Republican Senators who crossed party lines was re-elected. Ross was shunned by friends—one wire from home declared that “Kansas repudiates you as she does all perjurers and skunks”—and he ended his life in near poverty. But history has sided with Ross and his fellow defectors. Nearly a century later, John F. Kennedy put Ross in his book *Profiles in Courage*. By rising above partisanship and the passions of the day, Kennedy wrote, Ross “may well have preserved for ourselves and posterity constitutional government in the United States.” ■



THE SENATE GALLERIES WERE FULL for President Andrew Johnson's dramatic trial, which he won by a single vote

already done more penance than any other public official, and justifiably wonders where it will end. “It’s a bit of Lucy with the football,” said an official. “The bar does keep getting raised.” But the main reason Clinton rejected the *L* word on Friday is that he continues to insist that he didn’t lie under oath. “It’s very simple,” an aide explained. “He doesn’t believe it.”

It was a fitting irony—the one time it would have helped him to shave the truth, to just pretend for a minute that he agreed that he was a perjurer—he couldn’t bring himself to do it. By Saturday there was still no stampede to save Clinton, and both Democratic and Republican head counters said the momentum seemed to remain against the President. When it became clear that the speech had fallen short, some White House officials hinted that he might have to try one more time before the House vote. Others argued that the apology was actually embedded in the text, that he might explicitly apologize for lying someday, once censure was safely in hand.

(The speech, and its reference to “rebuke and censure,” had no effect on the committee: on Saturday it rejected a Democratic censure resolution, 22-14.)

THE ONLY PERSON MORE ALLERGIC to impeachment than Clinton was Senate majority leader Trent Lott, who made little secret of his desire that the whole thing just go away.

He knows that a trial, which could take weeks if not months (and require members to listen patiently from their uncomfortable seats), would anger his caucus, bog down his party and make bipartisan progress on other issues virtually impossible for months. “He don’t want no trial,” said a Lott confidant this week.

But Lott too was dusting off procedures not used on a President since Andrew Johnson in 1868. Lott met quietly with Tom Daschle, his Democratic counterpart, to discuss how to keep things civil should a trial get under way next year. Last week some Senators began to discuss the possibility that a censure deal could be cut

after the House votes. Under this scenario, Clinton might be impeached by the House but then offer to accept censure, a fine and some written statement rather than face trial in the Senate. That way the Republicans could ink their black mark in the history books and still avoid the trial.

But it is not clear that c.o.p. conservatives in the Senate, who already fear that Lott is too eager to make deals with the White House, will allow him to avoid the unpleasant proceeding. And Clinton, more Andrew Johnson than Richard Nixon, may decide that he might as well take his chances on the Senate floor, where the numbers are in his favor. The Constitution requires a two-thirds majority, or 67 votes, for removal from office, something Lott will be hard pressed to muster in a chamber with only 55 Republicans, several of them proudly moderate. With rules like that—and in the stately confines of the Senate—the odds may finally be in Clinton’s favor.

—Reported by Jay Byranagan, James Carney, John F. Dickerson, Viveca Novak and Karen Tumulty/Washington

PUBLIC EYE ★ Margaret Carlson

OUR NATTERING NABOBS

Hearings have ceased to be useful. They are now an extension of television

IF THE AGE OF SCANDAL IS PEAKING WITH THE POSSIBLE IMPEACHMENT of the President, it also shows signs of sputtering out. Scandals are now likely to claim the accuser as well as accused. Henry Hyde will be written about not for his three decades of public service but for failing to rise to his moment in history. Remember the invincible Senator Alfonse D'Amato who kept predicting the discovery of a smoking gun in his Whitewater inquiry? New Yorkers did, and he's outta here. Serial investigator Representative Dan Burton was re-elected, but not before he was nailed for an extramarital affair during which he fathered a child.

Televise a hearing today, and it ceases to be one. It becomes a chance to pillory your opponents, play-act morality and audition for your 15 minutes of cable fame. People not only choose sides, they also choose roles. Representative Bob Inglis, raw from his November loss to Senator Fritz Hollings, returned as the voice of the Lord, the Old Testament one. Representative Lindsey Graham's early turn as Hamlet turned out to be a search for an unoccupied spot on the opinion spectrum that might land him on *Meet the Press*. He found a "legal technicality" that allowed him to vote against one article, earning him the valuable CONSERVATIVE BUCKS HIS PARTY headline in the New York Times.

Members don't want to cede air time to witnesses, so they toss hand grenades disguised as questions. Representative Bill McCollum kept posting inaccurate details about one witness' life, using her as a prop to make his point, until she finally asked to be allowed to answer. But who has time for answers when members are determined to be home and rested for Christmas?

Mary Bono, the committee's newest member, has chosen the role of designated Everymom to show how decent folk live. The nonlawyer, as she repeatedly describes herself, cuts through the Capitol's moral sophistry in her attempt to convince Americans why they should be in favor of impeachment. Heck, she even managed to work Furby dolls into her questioning. But interviews outside the committee show she has been miscast. In *TV Guide* she gratuitously criticized her late husband, saying how insecure and difficult he actually was and that she's happily dating a country-music star who has "centered me in a way nobody has before." She said she believes Sonny was under the influence of painkillers when he skied into the tree, even though the autopsy doesn't list that as the cause of death. She also left her fatherless children to run for Congress just weeks after Sonny died, which makes her something less than the ideal person to be the official C.O.P. hand wringer over what to tell the children.

There were pure meta-television moments. Early on, Clinton spear carrier, Representative Robert Wexler, said he had a rebuttal to impeachment gonzo Representative Bob Barr—but was

saving it for an appearance that evening on *Crossfire*. Blurring it out at the hearing, he said, "wouldn't be fair to the program." The Minority Counsel prepared an *America's Funniest Home Videos* clip consisting of Ken Starr saying over and over that he couldn't recall, remember or recollect.

Where, oh where, is Howard Baker? Where is common sense? Where's the off button? One day they're expanding the hearings, the next they're not. Let's take up Kathleen Willey! Let's take up campaign finance! Let's deck the halls with boughs of holly! These seem not like solemn constitutional proceedings but more like the Super Bowl of gotcha. Much of America will be shocked if all this results in the impeachment of the President.

The tone of the proceedings plays into the strategy of Majority Whip (and Speaker for Now) Tom DeLay. His aim is to define impeachment down, depicting it as nothing more than censure. What's the big deal, he said, if the more responsible Senate would never do anything so ridiculous as convict? The House is home alone! This doesn't really get rid of the guy, so let's impeach!

The only thing worse than DeLay succeeding is Clinton escaping the noose once again. Despite reiterating in the Rose Garden that he's really, really sorry, the hole in his soul where a conscience should be would lead him to interpret a failure to impeach as proof that he was unfairly persecuted. Remember the famous litany of the 1992 campaign where he was being unjustly penalized for "a woman



he didn't sleep with and a draft he didn't dodge." And don't forget about the drug he didn't inhale. Next week he could be complaining about "a lie he didn't tell about that woman, Miss Lewinsky, whom he didn't have sex with," and, O.J.-like, vowing to spend the rest of his life searching for the real soiler of the blue dress. Look how he acted right after Democrats did better than expected in the November elections. Instead of seeing that reprieve as the remarkable kindness of strangers, he saw vindication. He was unyielding in his answers to Congress' 81 questions, and he missed his last opportunity on Friday to act like more than a criminal defendant protecting himself from the remote possibility of indictment. Even his allies were fed up with him.

So much in Washington now seems less than it was—the Lincoln bedroom, the independent counsel, the truth. And now, impeachment. Don't you have to believe that the President should be removed from office to vote for it? Hyde insisted Friday that was "exactly not true." But there's no asterisk beside your vote explaining that you just wanted to scare the guy to death, and you are sure that wise men in the Senate will put on the brakes. Impeachment is coming to look like just another weapon in the scandal wars. They're not really removing a President; they're just pretending to—on TV.

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INSIDE THE HUNT FOR

The Feds have tailed the Saudi and his secret network for years. So why

By **DOUGLAS WALLER** WASHINGTON

THE EXERCISE WAS CODE-NAMED Poised Response. Attorney General Janet Reno had invited 200 policemen from the Washington metropolitan area to the FBI's headquarters last Oct. 14 to plan how they'd react to a terrorist attack in the nation's capital. They settled in that Wednesday morning to consider four scenarios: a car-bomb attack, a chemical-weapons strike on a Washington Redskins football game, the planting of an explosive device in a federal building and an assassination attempt on Madeleine Albright, the Secretary of State. But the war game—intended to help the agencies practice working together—quickly melted down into interagency squabbling and finger pointing.

Reno left the session feeling uneasy—understandably so, say Administration offi-

cial. Poised Response was anything but poised. And while the cops involved were never told which terrorist might carry out such an audacious attack, Reno and other top Administration aides had one man in mind: Osama bin Laden, whose Afghan camp had been blasted by U.S. cruise missiles two months earlier. His operatives might be coming to town soon. Intelligence sources tell *TIME* they have evidence that bin Laden may be planning his boldest move yet—a strike on Washington or possibly New York City in an eye-for-an-eye retaliation. "We've hit his headquarters, now he hits ours," says a State Department aide.

The hand-wringing and brainstorming are part of what Albright calls "the war of the future"—a battle in which the foot soldiers are elusive terrorists and the agents are in pursuit. The enemy in this case is a 41-year-old Goldfinger with a bank account of \$100 million to \$300 million, a far-flung

network of cohorts and a fiery hatred for the U.S., which he badly wants out of Saudi Arabia, his homeland. The bloodiest round of this new war came on Aug. 7 when bin Laden's agents allegedly bombed U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania, killing 224 people, 12 of them Americans.

Those simultaneous attacks were the most devastating terror assault the U.S. has suffered overseas since the bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut in 1983. Though Washington retaliated 13 days later, with cruise-missile strikes at Osama's base in Afghanistan, U.S. officials are still licking their wounds. The bin Laden attacks came despite a four-year secret campaign by the U.S. government to contain and control his activities—a frustrating war of attrition in which Washington has both won and lost battles. American agents have tracked, arrested and interrogated members of Osama's terror cells in dozens of countries.



R OSAMA

didn't they stop the Africa bombings?

Now two government inquiries—one by the CIA's inspector general, the other by a State Department Accountability Review Board—have begun to raise a troubling question: Could the East Africa attacks have been prevented?

The targeting of Osama's network began in earnest almost two years after the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, which killed six people and injured more than 1,000. On a chilly, clear February night in 1995, a helicopter soared over the Hudson River to the FBI's office at New York City's Federal Plaza. Sitting blindfolded in the chopper next to the bureau's Lewis Schiavo was Ramzi Yousef, the mastermind of the Trade Center attack, who had just been nabbed in Pakistan. During the transatlantic leg of the flight back to the U.S., Yousef had bragged that his original plan had been to plant enough explosives in one of the 110-story twin buildings to topple t

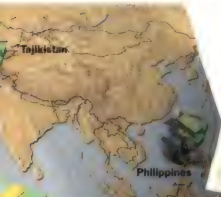
Osama bin Laden

BORN Saudi Arabia

AGE 41

FINANCIAL WORTH \$100 million to \$300 million. Father made billions in Saudi construction

FAMILY Three wives, at least 13 children



Financial support for radical Islamic movements

Allegedly channeled millions of dollars through Islamic banks and charities to terrorist groups in Egypt, Algeria, Yemen, Sudan, Philippines. Also financed Islamic movements in Bosnia, Kenya, Tajikistan, Chechnya, Somalia, Albania, Afghanistan

it, killing maybe 250,000 people in the war and on the ground. But his shoestring operation couldn't afford enough dynamite, and settled for a much smaller blast.

As the chopper neared the Trade Center, agents removed Yusef's blindfold. "See?" said one. "It's still standing." Yusef squinted at the high-rise. "Next time, if I have more money," he finally said, "I'll knock it down."

Schiliro, who's now running the FBI's investigation of the Africa bombings, remembers feeling a chill run through his body. His fellow agents had already discovered that the terrorist now had the cash to back up his threat. Yusef apparently had a benefactor, a wealthy Saudi expatriate named Osama bin Laden, who in the 1980s had bankrolled *mujahedin* guerrillas fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan and who had fled his Saudi homeland after he had been charged with inciting fundamentalist opposition to the country's royal family.

UNtil then, the FBI and the CIA considered bin Laden, son of a Saudi construction magnate, to be a "Gucci terrorist" with a fat wallet and a big mouth. His followers were a loosely bound group of former Afghan freedom fighters called al Qaeda, meaning (military) base. But bin Laden was moving into the big leagues. Al Qaeda operatives or sympathizers are accused of attacking American soldiers in Somalia, Yemen and Saudi Arabia. They had plans to kidnap U.S. military personnel in the Persian Gulf, and they might have U.S.-made Stinger missiles left over from the Afghan war. Worse, intelligence officials discovered that by 1993 bin Laden had begun hunting for nuclear weapons. First on his shopping list was a Russian nuclear warhead he hoped to buy on the black market. He abandoned that effort when no warhead could be found. Instead, his agents began scouring former Soviet republics for enriched uranium and weapons components that could be used to set off the fuel.

Fortunately, "Osama's buyers weren't physicists, and the people selling to him were trying to rip him off," says an Energy Department official. The enriched uranium they were offered turned out to be low-grade reactor fuel unusable for a weapon. Another con man tried to sell them tritium radioactive garbage, claiming it was "red mercury," a supposedly lethal Russian bomb the CIA says never existed. Frustrated, bin Laden instead settled on chemical weapons, which are easier to manufacture. Although U.S. intelligence officials have been unable to pinpoint hidden caches, they suspect that during a five-year stay in

Sudan before moving to Afghanistan in 1996, bin Laden tested, with the help of Sudanese officials, nerve agents that would be dispensed from bombs or artillery shells.

By the end of 1995 President Clinton signed a top-secret order, approved by the congressional intelligence committees, that authorized the CIA to begin covert operations to break up bin Laden's terror network. The agency's counterterrorism center—200 operatives housed in a windowless warren of cubicles in the CIA's Langley, Va., headquarters—had set up a special bin

HOT IN PURSUIT



SCHILIRO

POINT MAN: This FBI veteran is in charge of the probe against bin Laden, deploying agents worldwide who are making arrests and building the case against the leader and his many operatives.



TENET

TOP GUN: The CIA director has for years been running secret operations to disrupt the Saudi's network. Terror cells have been busted, but his agency was surprised by the Africa bombings.



RENO

GUARDIAN: The Attorney General has been busy staging war games to determine if the U.S. is prepared for a terror attack on Washington or New York City, which are known to be high on the target list.

Laden task force. Analysts were assigned to read every word the Saudi had spoken or written. Computers with sophisticated "link analysis" programs were busy printing out diagrams of bin Laden's loose-knit network, which included thousands of Muslim fighters with varying degrees of allegiance to him in almost a dozen countries. In early 1996, intelligence sources tell TIME, the CIA also began making plans to "snatch" Osama from a foreign country and bring him to the U.S. for trial. But bin Laden avoided some of the nations where the U.S. was waiting to pounce—including Qatar and Kuwait.

With bin Laden out of reach, the CIA launched a secret program to harass his network. Using its own informants plus the counterterrorism center's computers, which tracks passports worldwide, the CIA

would spot bin Laden operatives in foreign countries, then quietly enlist the local security service to arrest or deport them and allow the agency to sift through materials left in their apartments. In many cases, the CIA didn't know "exactly what each person was doing," says an intelligence official, "just that he was doing something with a terror organization, so we should disrupt it."

One operation would produce clues that led to another. For example, a CIA analyst perusing a slip of paper scooped up in one raid realized that scribbled on it was part of a phone number for a bin Laden cell in another country. That cell became the next target and yielded another round of evidence.

The CIA had a similar "disruption operation" under way in Kenya a year before the bombing. The agency's station in Nairobi is one of the busiest in Africa, responsible for keeping watch as well on the war-torn countries of Somalia, Sudan, Rwanda and the Democratic Republic of Congo. In Kenya, CIA and embassy security officers believed the biggest threat to Americans was common crime. But the risk of terror lurked below the surface. Nairobi had become a transit stop for Iranian and Sudanese intelligence agents. Along the country's Indian Ocean coast were Kenyan veterans of the Afghan war that bin Laden agents had been recruiting.

By August 1997 the CIA had identified a bin Laden cell operating in Nairobi. The agency believed it was headed by Wadhi el Hage, a Lebanese who held American citizenship and who, according to court documents, once served as bin Laden's personal secretary. Washington sent a secret request to Kenyan authorities in Nairobi: roust Wadhi el Hage. For several weeks Kenyan police, sometimes accompanied by visiting FBI agents, began paying visits to el Hage's Nairobi home, searching its rooms, confiscating computer disks and darkly warning him that he'd face more hassling if he remained in the country.

The raids never uncovered a list of operatives in the cell but did rattle many of the members. One typed on el Hage's computer a "security report" to a senior bin Laden aide complaining that "the cell is at 100% danger" because of hostile intelligence agencies. FBI agents believe the report's author was Abdullah Mohammed Fazul, whom the CIA at the time had identified only as a distant associate of el Hage's. He was later accused of being a key planner of the embassy bombings the next year. El Hage moved with his family to Texas, where he lived and worked as a tire repairman until he was charged this fall with conspiracy in the Africa bombings.



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Meanwhile, the CIA station conducted another covert operation in Kenya. It was prompted by a tipster who walked into the Nairobi embassy in September 1997 and claimed that seven Arabs who worked for a local Islamic charity had connections with a bin Laden terror group. The agency confirmed that there were indirect ties, so Kenyan authorities deported the men to their home countries, and CIA officers began sifting through all the documents left behind.

State Department officials now question whether the CIA missed clues to a future attack in those papers. Intelligence officials insist that none of the evidence taken revealed a bombing plot. Bin Laden definitely had a cell in Nairobi, the CIA reported to the embassy at the time, but the agency had no idea what he planned to do with it. Bin Laden had made plenty of public threats against the U.S., but the CIA believed he would be most likely to carry them out in Persian Gulf countries, where there was a U.S. military presence he hated, not in East Africa.

TWO MONTHS LATER, IN NOVEMBER 1997, another informant walked into the Nairobi embassy. He was Mustafa Mahmoud Said Ahmed, an Egyptian, who warned that unnamed terrorists planned to car bomb the compound. Ahmed had details about the planned attack—details that would end up being eerily similar to what happened in the bombing nine months later. (He is under arrest in Dar es Salaam, accused in the Tanzania embassy blast.)

CIA officers grilled Ahmed for days but finally concluded he was making up the tale. If an informant is credible, the agency often dispatches a special counter-surveillance unit, nicknamed the snapshot team, which will sit in the embassy, wearing night-vision goggles from dusk to dawn, and peer out windows to spot terrorists casing the building. No snapshot team was dispatched to Nairobi. Instead, the station sent out another warning report: Ahmed is probably fabricating the story, but he could be telling the truth, or he could be approaching the embassy to check its security.

It was the kind of report embassy security officers detest. A warning that tells you everything and nothing. Nevertheless, extra guards were posted at the front and back of the building, and nervous security officers convinced their ambassador, Prudence Bushnell, to fire off a letter to Albright warning that the embassy was vulnerable to car bombs. But Nairobi's remained low on the priority list of embassies due for major security upgrades.

For the next nine months, East Africa went off the intelligence radar screen. No more CIA reports of terror threats were delivered to the Nairobi embassy. In hindsight, it was probably a tip-off that something bad might happen. Terror cells go quiet before they attack. The CIA thought it had busted up the bin Laden cell, but during the silent period, "the B-team came in," says a U.S. intelligence official. Mohamed Rasheed Daoud al-'Owhali and Mohamed Sadeek Odeh, trained in explosives at a bin Laden camp, eventually joined

TAKEN INTO CUSTODY



YUSEF

MASTER PLANNER The brain behind the 1993 World Trade Center bombing wanted, with bin Laden's money, to blow up several U.S. airliners at the same time, but FBI agents managed to foil his plot



ODEH

GLOBAL AGENT An explosives expert, he was allegedly trained in the Afghan camps to conduct terror attacks around the world. He is charged with being one of the bombers of the U.S. embassy in Nairobi



EL HAGE

U.S. CONNECTION An American citizen, he is accused of being an important member of the terror cell in Kenya. Washington secretly had him rousted out of Nairobi a year before the embassy bombing

Fazul in Nairobi to organize the strike.

The CIA was battling bin Laden on additional fronts. In the spring of 1998, a small CIA-FBI team collected intelligence on him by parking itself at what agents call the "zero line," Pakistan's border with Afghanistan. Back at Langley, CIA and Army special-operations officers drafted contingency plans for commandos to fight their way into Afghanistan for a snatch. CIA director George Tenet nixed the operation, fearing too many U.S. casualties. But in June the agency scored a win. CIA officers working with Albanian police grabbed four members of a bin Laden-affiliated group, the Egyptian Islamic Jihad, who planned to bomb the U.S. embassy in Tirana.

It was before sunrise in Langley on Aug. 7 when the bombs went off in Africa. Within hours of the blast, the CIA's counter-

terrorism officers began crowding into their "fusion center," a small room used to monitor terror crises overseas that is crammed with computers and large screens displaying satellite photos. The carpet still had burn marks from the time an excited Tenet dropped his cigar upon learning that CIA officers had apprehended Mir Amal Kasi, who had murdered two agency employees outside Langley. Tension was high as early casualty figures flowed in from Africa. Almost immediately, the CIA officers had a good idea who triggered the explosions at Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. The bin Laden cell. The covert operation the year before apparently had not cleaned out that nest of terrorists.

The conclusion hardened within days. The FBI took Odeh and al-'Owhali into custody in Nairobi, and they began spilling secrets. The security protecting bin Laden's network was porous, and other informants began talking, revealing that bin Laden planned assaults on other U.S. embassies in Africa, Asia and the Middle East.

Though the U.S. soon flexed its military muscle with the cruise-missile strike against bin Laden, and his network has been quiet for four months, Washington still sees him as a major threat. The White House has ordered stepped-up efforts to disrupt the terror network, but with mixed results. Treasury Department officials have made no headway dismantling bin Laden's financial empire. Most of his investments are in European or African companies that are unaffected by U.S. economic sanctions and don't deal in dollars, which Treasury could track. The State Department, likewise, has not convinced Afghanistan's ruling Taliban to evict bin Laden so the FBI can get its hands on him.

The Pentagon is still looking at targets to hit, and the CIA continues covert operations to trip up bin Laden operatives. His aides have recently been arrested in Britain and Germany. Three months ago, intelligence sources tell TIME, the CIA broke up a bin Laden ring that had been planning an attack on the U.S. embassy in Baku, Azerbaijan. Egyptian terrorists identified in the plot were deported to Cairo.

Washington remains sure that bin Laden will strike back. And when he draws blood again, all the past covert operations will be deemed failures because they did not prevent the latest attack. In the calculus of terrorism, the last side to show its fangs becomes the victor for the moment. "The game is tilted in Osama's favor until he's gone," admits a White House aide. "That's the problem we face." If so, this may be a war-by now—without end.

—With reporting by Peter Hawthorne/Cape Town and Elaine Shannon/Washington



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THIS PLACE MAKES ME SICK

Modern, airtight offices are causing more cases of sick-building syndrome. Just ask Southwest Airlines

By **ARNOLD MANN**

BERNICE POLANSKY'S MYSTERIOUS symptoms began creeping through her body in 1989, four years after she started working at Southwest Airlines' 24-hour San Antonio, Texas, reservations center, an amphitheater-like building housing 600 agents. First came the headaches—every day, two hours after she arrived at work. She noticed other agents bringing aspirin to work. Anyone who ran out could go down to the central-console area, where supervisors were dispensing aspirin from large bottles. Polansky joined the aspirin poppers.

Then came the sinus infections, muscle pain, nausea, dizziness and fatigue—"a whole body weakness." Others complained of weakness too, though no one seemed to know the cause. Ambulances occasionally arrived to treat people for breathing problems, fainting, seizures, even strokes. Her children were the first to notice when the logic in her sentences began breaking down. By 1992 Polansky was bedridden and on workmen's comp.

Today 59-year-old Polansky is "better but still not 100%." She has used up her time on workmen's comp, which she was awarded for unrelated but disabling ergonomic pain. And she's been terminated by Southwest for failing to return to work within the 36 months allowed for medical leave. Along with half a dozen other employees who have spoken out about their health problems, Polansky is consumed by mounting medical bills, the cost of her lawsuits against the air-

line and the air-conditioning company that serviced the building, and by Southwest's countercharge that she is an opportunist whose medical problems are unrelated to the building.

However, interviews with 14 current and past employees, as well as building-inspection reports obtained by TIME, suggest that Southwest's San Antonio center is a "sick building" whose closed-circulation air supply has been contaminated by toxin-producing molds and bacteria.

Sick-building syndrome, as scientists and health officials call it, is a disease of modern architecture: sealed, energy-conserving buildings continually recycle contaminated air. According to a survey by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), one-third of the 70 million Americans who work indoors are quartered in buildings that are breeding grounds for an array of contaminants, from molds and bacteria to volatile organic compounds like formaldehyde. A 1996 Cornell University study found the problem was even worse: in every one of 35 buildings surveyed for the study, at least 20% of the occupants had experienced symptoms. "It's very difficult to find a problem-free building," says Dr. Alan Hedge, author of the Cornell study and co-author of the book *Keeping Buildings Healthy* (John Wiley & Sons; 1998).

Among the formerly sick: Harvard's Brigham and Wom-



Air conditioners with inadequate filters

Pollen, irritant dust

Symptoms:
runny nose

Pests

Cockroach droppings, dust mites, allergens

Symptoms:
Itchy, red eyes

en's Hospital, where 47 nurses wound up on disability leave in 1993 because of allergic reactions to the latex in surgical gloves that clung to surfaces in the building. Florida's Martin County Courthouse, where fungi infestation required a \$3.5 million gutting by workers wearing respirators and bodysuits; even the EPA's Washington offices,

where brand-new carpets were blamed for gas emissions and were removed.

OSHA's beleaguered inspectors can't begin to keep up with the complaints. A whole new business of industrial-hygiene com-

FRIGHTENING FUNGI: *Penicillium* and *Stachybotrys*, found in molds, are two of the sources of sick-building syndrome

HOW AN OFFICE GETS SICK

In tightly sealed buildings, common office fixtures like copy machines and humidifiers can contaminate the air with toxins



Dirty air ducts

Volatile organic compounds (VOCs), bacteria, mold, irritant dust

Symptoms: lethargy, runny nose

Ceiling tiles and wet carpet

Molds

Symptoms: nausea, difficulty breathing

Insulation and furniture

Noxious fumes, VOCs

Symptoms: fatigue

Tobacco smoke

Symptoms: eye, nose and throat irritation

Cleaning agents

Chemical contaminants

Symptoms: breathing problems

Inproper ventilation

Exhaust fumes from cars come in — carbon monoxide is trapped inside

Symptoms: headache

Humidifiers

Molds, bacteria

Symptoms: chest tightening, runny nose

New vinyl flooring

Noxious fumes

Symptoms: headache

Copy machines, fax machines, laser printers

Ozone, chemical contaminants

Symptoms: eye, nose and throat irritation

TIME Diagram by Joe Lertzo

panies has sprung up, offering everything from one-shot inspections to year-round prevention programs.

"A basket of symptoms with no clear cause," as one expert termed it, sick-building syndrome can confine itself to one office or spread through an entire building. Some workers will get it; others won't. Symptoms are usually confined to the workplace, but in some cases, like Polansky's, they can hang on for years, even after a worker has left a building. According to Dr. Claudia Miller of the University of Texas Health Science Center at San Antonio, repeated exposure to toxins given off by molds and bacteria may hypersensitize people to the point that they react to even low levels of these toxins. It may also weaken their tolerance to everyday

chemicals in car exhaust, perfumes, cleaning agents and some foods and drugs.

Southwest's San Antonio mold problem dates back to the 1980s, but the first clean-up attempt wasn't made until 1994. By that time, workers say, fungi were literally dropping out of the ceiling vents into their coffee. When the fabric used as a wall covering was removed, the wallboards underneath were coated with black mold. All the renovations, including removal and replacement of mold-infested carpeting, ceiling tiles and wallboards, and chemical scouring of the heating, ventilation and air-conditioning system, were done while employees were working.

Inspection reports from 1995 and 1996 obtained by TIME reveal that a wide variety of active molds, including *Stachybotrys* and

Penicillium, continued to grow inside the building, alongside bacterial levels that were 200 times as great as OSHA's suggested "contamination threshold." Yet the '96 report, prepared by Crawford Risk Control Services for Southwest's insurance company, rated airborne spore counts inside the building as "normal" compared with those outside. Reviewing this record, Dr. David Straus of Texas Tech University's Health Sciences Center observed, "There's nothing normal about *Stachybotrys*. It produces a bad toxin. That's all I can say." Moreover, argues Cornell's Alan Hedge, the inspectors "only took air samples on one day, and fungi don't produce spores all the time. Typically, you [sample] over a series of days." Testing for mycotoxins and bacterial endotoxins, experts agree, might have told a different story.

Despite these expert reviews, Southwest maintains that the company is the victim of a litigious campaign inspired by Houston immunotoxicologist Andrew Campbell, who first diagnosed sick-building syndrome in Polansky and 12 of her co-workers in 1994. Campbell, they say, is a biased observer, known for diagnosing sick-building syndrome and other maladies based on what the airline says is questionable evidence.

And yet, in part because of information gathered by TIME, Southwest has hired an environmental-engineering firm, Air Quality Sciences of Atlanta, to conduct a complete hygiene inspection of the San Antonio center. The building undergoes annual cleanings and monthly inspections, asserts Ginger Hardage, vice president of public relations for Southwest. "We are known as a company that cares for its people," she says.

Employees insist, however, that management has known about the problem for years—and actively concealed it. In 1992 OSHA fined the airline for its failure to maintain complete records of employee illnesses and injuries at the center for each year since 1987, with an additional fine for failing to record descriptions of illnesses and injuries in 80 cases during 1992 alone. According to Hardage, the company has since complied, and the fines have been reduced.

Though some supervisors at the center are said to be sick themselves, employees say these managers have participated in the cover-up. One employee says that her supervisor helped her rewrite her resignation letter, allegedly instructing her to say she "loved the company and was leaving because I wanted to retire," rather than state the real reason, which was her health. That way, she would be able to come back to work if she wanted to. The airline says it knows nothing of this.

Fear of job loss appears to be a key factor in a widespread reluctance among staff members to speak openly about the prob-

Acting Up in the Air

As violent, unruly flyers turn the friendly skies into a high-altitude riot, airlines are finally clamping down on air rage

LIKE ANY SEASONED FLIGHT ATTENDANT, Fiona Weir has had her share of disgruntled passengers. But Steven Handy, 37, an unemployed Englishman who boarded an Airtours late-night flight from London to Spain six weeks ago, was a different breed. Apparently drunk at takeoff, he ignored Weir's warnings not to smoke in the lavatory, cursed her and demanded liquor, Weir says. Then, just as the plane was landing in Málaga, Handy reportedly smashed her over the head with a duty-free vodka bottle before being restrained by fellow passengers.

Unfortunately, Handy, who's out on bail pending an investigation in Spain, isn't the only traveler venting air rage. Ten days ago, a drunken, unruly Finnish passenger on a Malev Hungarian flight died after the crew reportedly strapped him to his seat and injected him with tranquilizers.

With record numbers of passengers taking to the skies and the busy holiday-travel season at hand, stressed-out travelers with less room to stretch are increasingly directing their anger at flight crews, punching an attendant, head butting a cockpit or trying to break into the cockpit. "Passenger interference is the most pervasive security problem facing airlines," Captain Stephen Luckey of the Air Line Pilots Association testified before Congress. Though still relatively small, the number of incidents is estimated to have at least doubled in recent years. Nearly a thousand episodes took place within U.S. jurisdiction last year.

The airlines are finally fighting back. Leading the way is Richard Branson, chairman of Virgin Atlantic Airways. In the aftermath of the assault on Weir, who required 18 stitches, Branson engineered a British lifetime air-travel ban on Handy. As the industry convened last month in London to address the overall problem, he urged carriers to establish a worldwide air-rage database to blacklist the worst offenders. "There [must] be a deterrent against this behavior," Branson says.

Some carriers have already taken action. Northwest Airlines has permanently blacklisted three violent travelers from flying. Yet prosecuting air rage isn't easy; many countries have no jurisdiction over a passenger who arrives on a foreign airline. In the U.S., the Justice Department is working harder to convict defendants; last summer a man who threw hot coffee on a flight attendant and tried to open an emergency door was fined \$10,000 and sentenced to three years in prison. This fall British Airways began handing out "warning cards" to anyone getting dangerously out of control. Some airlines



DEFENSE: Flight crews are training to handle violent passengers

include a pair of plastic handcuffs as standard onboard equipment, and flight attendants on KLM and USAirways undergo training to deal with aggressive behavior.

What accounts for this decline in decorum? Airlines run a virtually free, open bar in first and business class, where some of the nastiest episodes occur. The booze is supposed to keep customers calm but may be having the opposite effect on some. Others say being deprived of a different vice, cigarettes, is a major cause of unruliness. No wonder Austrian Airlines has said it will offer nicotine-substitute inhalers to passengers once a soon-to-come smoking ban takes effect. Then there are those who blame the airlines themselves. Says Hal Salfen, of the International Airline Passengers Association: "Flights are full, there are fewer flight attendants, and there's a general indifference toward the passenger." He sounds a little angry, doesn't he? —By Daniel Eisenberg. With reporting by Helen Gibson/London



SYNDROME SUFFERERS? Fatigue, nausea and headache plague sick-building victims

lem. Many of the center's employees are working mothers afraid of being stranded, like Polansky, without company medical insurance. A 56-year-old male employee, who says he has been sick since he went to work for Southwest in 1992, consulted with his union representative and decided not to speak to TIME on the record; he was afraid going public would get him fired.

An outside inspector who spoke to TIME says a number of workers came up to him during his inspection, telling him about their health problems. "We've never discouraged communication," maintains Southwest spokeswoman Hardage. Yet the same inspector described efforts on the part of management to get him to alter his report so as to make the building look "less bad." Hardage says this never happened.

Except through the lawsuits that have been filed, most of the sick remain silent; \$20 an hour is hard to find in San Antonio, not to mention profit sharing. "We went over the billion-dollar mark [in revenues] in June of this year," says a long-term employee who has the full array of symptoms, including memory loss and "a thing on my leg." It's "bigger than a silver dollar now," she says. "I just wish they knew how many people in this building are sick."

They do, and it may just close the building. "They said that's the only alternative we've got," says Renee Cicero, local representative for the Air Transport Union. Cicero claims her hands have been tied because no one is filing formal complaints. Then the question will be what to do with the people who are still sick and out of work. "That," says Cicero, "will be another mess." ■

For further information about sick-building syndrome, contact the EPA's Indoor Air Quality Information Clearing House at 800-438-4318, or visit the agency's website, with links to other indoor-air-quality information websites, at www.epa.gov/iaq.

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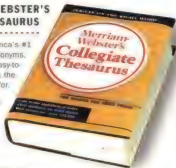
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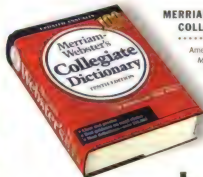
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Meet the philanthropists for the next century: savvy, shrewd and funding causes that produce results

By ROMESH RATNESAR



STEVE KIRSCH IS THE first to admit it. He is too damn rich. "I can't spend all my money," he sighs. "The best things in life just aren't that expensive." At 41, the founder of the Internet search-service Infoseek

is worth more than \$137 million. But while many of the other fresh-faced moguls in Silicon Valley have plowed their outrageous fortunes into still more outrageous indulgences, Kirsch decided in 1992 to do something subversive: he created his own charitable fund.

So far he has dumped more than \$10 million into it and plans to increase the fund's size to \$50 million by 2000. Local libraries, environmental groups and his alma mater, M.I.T., have benefited handsomely; but Kirsch directs the bulk of his charity to scientists seeking cures for diseases that touch him. Kirsch's father is a diabetic who was recently found to have cancer; his mother suffers from macular degeneration. "Someday I could have to go through what my parents are. So if I can apply my dollars now, then when I'm older, it's possible I can have a better quality

of life," he says. "People don't realize that you can have a giving program that is totally selfish."

Kirsch is bucking a bigger trend. In this era of plenty, Americans haven't spread the wealth too far: the percentage of households making charitable contributions has remained unchanged since 1987, and those who do give actually donate a smaller slice of their income (1.6%) than Americans did 30 years ago (2.1%). In dollar terms, though, last year individuals gave a record \$109 billion to charity, up \$20 billion over 1992.

In large part the growth is due to resurgent generosity among the ultrarich, whose pockets have fattened the most during the decade's boom. A survey released last month by U.S. Trust found that the wealthiest 1% of Americans say they gave away an average of 8% of their after-tax income in 1997, up from 5% in 1993. Says Paul Schervish, a philanthropy expert at Boston College: "A sleeping giant is awakening."

The end of the slumber comes two years after Ted Turner hectored his fellow billionaires to stop hoarding their market-inflated wealth. Last fall Turner (who is vice chairman of Time Warner, TIME's parent company) pledged \$1 billion of his now \$6 billion fortune to the United Nations in the form of an annual pledge of

\$100 million in Time Warner stock. He may have started something. The world's richest man, Bill Gates, long derided for being too penurious, has put \$2 billion into his two charitable foundations. Earlier this month he donated \$100 million in cash toward vaccinating children in the developing world. It was just one of numerous conspicuous gifts made in 1998. Among them: Armenian-American billionaire financier Kirk Kerkorian's \$200 million in aid to earthquake-ravaged Armenia, and businessmen Ted Forstmann and John Walton's \$100 million fund to subsidize private-school scholarships for inner-city students.

Aside from their headline-grabbing size, those gifts reflect changes in the character and aims of big-money philanthropy. While there are still benefactors who hand wads of money to nonprofit institutions to disburse as they wish, today's philanthropists are more likely to approach charity with the same hands-on management they bring to their businesses and stock portfolios. Says H. Peter Karoff, head of the Philanthropic Initiative, a consulting firm that helps wealthy clients donate like investors: "The hard look at the management of charitable groups, the scrutiny of how an organization makes an impact—all those things you do every day as a stock picker work very well in philanthropy."





1 STEVE KIRSCH
The Internet whiz has given \$10 million toward fighting disease. Next up: asteroids

2 BILL GATES
His child-vaccine donation was the biggest grant ever made to health care

3 TED TURNER
Last year's \$1 billion pledge to the U.N. spurred megagiving by others

4 KATRINA GARNETT
Her computer camp helps high school girls network with high-tech mentors

5 TED FORSTMANN
His \$200 million fund will allow 40,000 poor students to attend private schools



Take Gates's vaccine initiative. It came after months of research into existing immunization programs and meetings with world-health experts, including one gab session at his Medina, Wash., home a few weeks before the gift's unveiling. The cause appealed to him in part because it promised rapid, tangible returns. "The science is proved—it's just a question of driving equal access," says Gates. "It might take 15 years for that to happen. But through this program it can be cut down to as little as five years—and there are millions of lives at stake in the difference."

Giving away a lot of money isn't that easy. "Every one of us is going to give the money away at some point," says Bill Davidov, a venerable Silicon Valley philanthropist and multimillionaire, "but some of us just haven't chosen to part with it yet." Some charitable foundations and organizations, he says, haven't learned ways to make folks feel good about giving away their money. "My wife and I, for example, contribute to a wonderful organization that has one of the most disorganized development groups I have ever seen."

Today's givers match their money with their energy. Forstmann, who is chairman of Gulfstream Aerospace and a senior partner at a New York law firm he co-founded, spent a year canvassing the country, exam-

ining local school districts—the program will serve 40,000 students in 38 cities—and cajoling everyone from Michael Ovitz to Barbara Bush to join the fund's board of advisers. He got the idea for the venture after years of studying a similar financial-aid program in New York City. Nine out of 10 school kids who used money from the fund to attend private schools, he says, went on to college.

Many new philanthropists bypass traditional charitable vehicles and instead channel money to favored causes through their own start-up foundations. The number of grantmaking foundations in the U.S. has climbed to more than 40,000, double what it was in 1980.

Meanwhile, as philanthropy becomes more strategic, the old human-services standbys—like hospitals, homeless shelters and soup kitchens—have had to scramble for support. The Jenjo Foundation, created and run by actor Alan Alda's family, focuses specifically on nonprofits that work with poor women and children. "We tend to fund organizations that will help people get on their feet," says Elizabeth Alda O'Heaney, 35, the family's second daughter, "rather than just give someone a hand-out for a meal." The family visits prospective grantees' sites, closely vets budgets and interviews local community members.

Says O'Heaney: "Whether we're giving away \$20,000 or \$1,000, we have to make sure every dollar counts."

The spirit of entrepreneurship has inspired some specialized objects of philanthropic attention. Katrina Garnett, CEO of Crossworlds Software in Burlingame, Calif., and one of the high-tech world's few female chief executives, launched a foundation last year devoted to encouraging high school girls to pursue computer science. Kirsch, meanwhile, plans to pump \$100,000 a year into identifying all asteroids hurtling too close to earth. "There are very few things people can do to save the world," he says. "This is one of them."

Alas, not everyone has ambitions so grandiose. In Silicon Valley, 25% of the area's wealthiest people give away less than \$2,000 a year. And the spike in giving among the most affluent Americans is at least a little deceiving. The 8% of after-tax income that the super-rich give away is still puny compared with their total wealth.

The rest of us have some work to do too. Three out of 10 American households will have donated absolutely nothing to charity by year's end. "Giving is the greatest thing one can do—it's the core of the human condition," says Forstmann. "Therefore, no one ever gives enough." —With reporting

by Janice Maloney/San Francisco



LET THOSE PEOPLE GO: Barb Vogel and her students ponder the fate of the Dinka

buy them back." The ex-slaves, many uprooted by the country's civil war, are then re-established in society by other Christian Solidarity programs.

The class launched a fund-raising drive, pouring dimes and quarters from their allowances and the proceeds from lemonade, toy and T-shirt sales into an old water-cooler bottle. "It makes me really angry that these people could be traded just like pets," said Doni Taipalus, 9, who chipped in \$6 he earned from household chores. Each time the children raised enough to free one person, a brown-paper cutout was pasted on the classroom wall.

And then, one of the recipients of their letter-writing campaign responded. Sumner Redstone, chairman of Viacom, put the kids and their message on his Nickelodeon Channel. News of the crusade spread everywhere—and outside contributions began streaming in. A Texas company kicked in \$5,000; a homeless Alaskan scraped together \$100; a destitute elderly woman mailed in a dollar, calling it "all I can afford." When Casey Reed, a Wisconsin trucker, heard about the kids on his radio, he sent \$200 and spread the message on his travels.

The developments stunned the kids' parents. Says Sandy Morris, Brad's mom: "Our first response was, 'Oh, yes, isn't that nice. But the kids kicked us in the behind and taught us something. Adults get complacent and think tragedies like Sudan are too far off to do anything about. But children don't get overwhelmed by the big picture. They just say, 'Go for it!'" Says Alphonso McDonald, 9, who emptied his penny jar regularly: "I was shocked that the grownups weren't doing anything about this."

Donations and pledges now approach \$50,000, and Vogel's wall has long since run out of space for the cutouts. She also has a new class—fourth-graders—to help carry out the campaign. By Christmas, she and her new charges hope to send enough money to Christian Solidarity to have freed 1,000 Sudanese. While that is but a small number of those believed held in bondage (and the spotlight may raise the price of

freedom), it doesn't diminish the spirit of the kids. Says Joshua Hook, 10: "This is a big wrong, and we're helping make it a right." Says classmate Lindy deSpain, 9: "It feels good to know that more people will be coming home for Christmas."

—With reporting by Clive Mutiso/Nairobi and Helena Bachmann/Geneva

PHILANTHROPY

The Children's Crusade

How fourth- and fifth-graders in Colorado are buying the freedom of slaves in a faraway land

By RICHARD WOODBURY AURORA



BARB VOGEL'S FIFTH-graders had just been through the Civil War. She had led her 27 pupils through tales of slavery and oppression, struggle and emancipation and how all of it changed America so long ago. But on a February day earlier this year, the class at Highline Community School in Aurora, Colo., listened in shock as their teacher read a newspaper story about a country in Africa called Sudan and the thousands and thousands of people, mostly women and children, who were being traded as slaves there. Recalls Vogel: "There was terror and disbelief in their little eyes." Says Brad Morris, 11, who was in class that day: "No one had any idea that slavery could still be going on anywhere in the world. We decided to do something so it wouldn't go on and on."














And so the kids wrote letters. They wrote to the President and the First Lady, to Oprah Winfrey, Bill Cosby, Steven Spielberg and other famous names. Laura Christopher, 11, wrote Colorado Senator Wayne Allard, saying, "We would like to know if you could contact the United States Government and let them know what is going on, so they can take action and put a stop

to slavery!" To Hillary Clinton the kids and their teacher wrote, "You once said that it takes a village to raise a child. Now we would like you to know that it takes the whole world to save the village that will raise that child." The Clintons failed to respond. Oprah said the issue was too complex to deal with, simply urging the youngsters to keep up their grades. Says Laura: "She answered us like she hadn't even read our letter."

But Vogel had also got her kids to explore the issue on the Internet. They found the American Anti-Slavery Group and through it the website of a Swiss-based human-rights group, Christian Solidarity International, which specializes in redeeming victims of religious oppression held in bondage. The children learned that for \$50 to \$100, they could, through Christian Solidarity, buy the freedom of a Sudanese slave. The group has kept meticulous records and case histories of the 4,016 people, mostly of the Dinka tribe, it has rescued so far. It takes advantage of the market to free the people taken by bandits, tribal leaders and professional slave traders. Says Gunnar Wiebalck, who is in charge of disaster aid for Christian Solidarity: "Arab traders know that we



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What Johnny Can't Read

Parental protests are only the latest reason teachers shy away from books that might stir controversy

By TAMALA M. EDWARDS

THE STORY WAS A HEADSHAKER. RUTH Sherman, a white Brooklyn, N.Y., elementary school teacher, assigned her class a book called *Nappy Hair*, about a little girl's proud acceptance of her coily mane, in order to bolster the self-esteem of her black and Latino charges. But some parents, after seeing only a few photocopied pages, assumed the book was a racist put-down and essentially ran Sherman out of the school. Most New Yorkers were torn between amazement at the brouhaha and pity for the children, who have lost a good teacher. But for Trevelyn Jones, book-review editor of the *School Library Journal*, the real surprise was that the book made it into Sherman's classroom at all. "Many teachers find it easier to stick with the tried and true," she says. "That Sherman even knew about this book is unusual."

Reading, so we're told, is fundamental to a child's education. But trying to get good books—not just the classics but also worthy contemporary works—into young hands is increasingly providing a pit of problems. Spotty teacher training, lack of library assistance (if not lack of libraries themselves) and fear of controversy all help push teachers toward outdated or bland book choices. Those who fight back with verve risk being drummed out of a job or even chased into court. And the old reliable volumes aren't necessarily a refuge either. Such classics as *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Catcher in the Rye* are still frequently the object of parental protests.

Robert Calfee, dean of the education school at the University of California at Riverside, often carries a satchel filled with contemporary children's books, the kind that win the prestigious Caldecott or Newbery awards.

"Less than 10% of teachers are aware of them or buy them," he observes. According to the National Children's Book and Literacy Alliance (N.C.B.L.A.), 48 states don't require children's literature training for state certification. What's more, the budget cuts of the 1980s left a quarter of all American schools without libraries and many of those remaining manned by untrained volun-

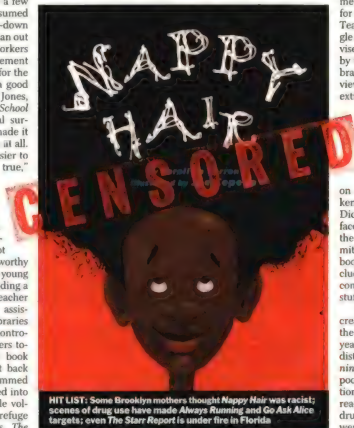
teers. "I had no idea what I was doing," recalls fifth-grade teacher Marc Waxman of entering the profession five years ago. After walking into a New Jersey classroom that was devoid of books, funding or guidance, he borrowed and bought on his own, wandering up and down the Barnes & Noble aisles "with no idea of what was appropriate or inappropriate, just my judgment."

Some states, such as California, have formal, recommended lists of supplemental reading (in addition to required textbooks) for districts to choose from, but most others leave the decisions solely up to local districts. In some places, novels have largely been shunned in favor of anthologies of excerpts or simply the "drill and kill" of paragraphs followed by questions, a

method meant to prepare kids for the almighty state tests. Teachers who are able to wrangle money for literature are advised to choose from lists put out by the likes of the American Library Association or peruse review journals. But that means extra reading and legwork after long days; often teachers have little time to do more than quickly pick from "kits"—catalogs sent by publishers. Such kits seldom feature nuanced books, says Calfee, especially on subjects such as race or broken homes. "It's a bit more than Dick and Jane, but it's all happyface stuff," he says. An editor in the children's book industry admits "there are many great books out there" that are not included but argues, "You can't come at Americans with this stuff head on in the classroom."

Especially when the price of creativity can be a slap back at the teacher. For the past three years, the San Jose, Calif., school district has had *Always Running*, a memoir of growing up poor and Hispanic, on an optional list for some college-prep reading. Because of its scenes of drug use, sex and gangs, parents were notified and offered alternative works if need be. But this spring a parent demanded that the book be removed from all schools—ignoring the district's challenge process and taking her case to talk radio. The book survived, but now parents have to sign a consent form for all controversial books.

Some teachers have risked



HIT LIST: Some Brooklyn mothers thought *Nappy Hair* was racist; scenes of drug use have made *Always Running* and *Go Ask Alice* targets; even *The Starr Report* is under fire in Florida



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greater confrontation. A Florida woman who teaches social studies to high school seniors is currently in a lawsuit against her school board, seeking the right to use without restrictions an even more contemporary book: *The Starr Report*. In Rhode Island last June eighth-grade English teacher Brian Cabral was verbally attacked by his principal over a vulgarity in *Go Ask Alice*, a 1971 novel dealing with drug addiction. The principal conceded he had not read the whole book, which tends to be the case in most book challenges, and Cabral was ultimately cleared in a committee review. "If the kids had not been supportive, I would have left teaching," he says. "It was worse than I could have imagined." Notes Patricia Graham, former dean of Harvard's school of education: "A lot of teachers say, 'I'm not going to deal with this; we'll just stick to *Robinson Crusoe*.'"

Supporters of more contemporary and challenging books say they energize kids and spur discussions about social realities that may already be affecting the classroom or community. Yet where should the line be drawn? Debbi Grizzi, a Lincoln, Neb., mother, had to lift her jaw off the counter when she opened her 12-year-old's backpack and discovered *A Need to Kill*, a graphic account of a child killer who fantasizes and masturbates about murdering boys. "There has to be some check on what children are reading," she argues. Houston eighth-grade English teacher Susan Duhon agrees that teachers must be sensitive to the wishes of the community. "I am a team player and a public servant," says Duhon, who 10 years ago enraged some parents when she used adult novels from a list by the National Council of Teachers of English for a book fair. Now, she says, her classroom selections come mostly from "dead white men," but it's a choice she vigorously defends. Says Duhon: "If I can teach literature through the classics, why not? These are books my parents love."

Yet even the books parents love are gradually losing their universality. Mary Brigid Barrett, author and N.C.B.L.A. president, says she always has to stop and explain *Charlotte's Web* to teaching students, since half of them tend not to know it. *Curious George* too draws curious stares; many are familiar with the little monkey but not his tale. "What is shocking is that nobody in education is willing to say there are writers, poems, essays and books all Americans should read," says education expert Diane Ravich, editor of *The American Reader*. And less incentive for adventurous teachers to look for new ones. —**With reporting by Julie Grace/Chicago, Deborah Fowler/Houston, Joanne McDowell/Los Angeles, and Ann Blackman/Washington**

A Politician Comes Out

Michael Huffington, after years of struggle, reveals that he's gay—and starts a new life as a gay activist

LAST WEEK FORMER CALIFORNIA CONGRESSMAN and almost Senator Michael Huffington announced, via a profile in *Esquire* magazine, that he is gay. Perhaps making up for lost time, the millionaire ex-husband of conservative political commentator Arianna Huffington appeared within days to become something of a newborn gay activist. He attended an AIDS fund raiser on Dec. 5, dined with gay political consultant and Clinton pal David Mixner on Dec. 10 and continued talks with national gay leaders about

ton found that the journey from the closet was long and difficult, but he's been hinting for some time. Last year he gave openly gay financial guru Andrew Tobias money to help produce *Out of the Past*, an award-winning documentary on gay history. (Tobias, an old Harvard chum, says he was the first person Huffington told about his sexuality, 26 years ago.) Tobias asked if he could include his friend's name in the film's credits, and Huffington consented. Three months ago, he also gave \$140,000 to the University of Southern California for courses on sexual orientation and the media.

Huffington tells friends he came out "for the next generation"—to offer young gays and lesbians an example and give them some hope. In an implicit response to the "ex-gay" movement—a small group with conservative backing that claims people can change their sexuality—Huffington, struggled for years to pray away or spend away or marry away his sexuality, but found it all useless.

Arianna isn't talking, except to say that she wishes Huffington well and to point out that she has written that private sex lives should-



FAMILY TIES: The former couple, with one of their daughters, just after Huffington's defeat in the 1994 California Senate race

what his role in the movement might be.

Writer David Brock—the journalist who discovered Paula Jones—portrayed Huffington in *Esquire* as a tragic, muddled figure who is no longer even sure whether he's a Democrat or a Republican. But Huffington, 51, who wasn't talking to the press last week, told friends that Brock got it wrong. First of all, Huffington says, he thinks of himself not as gay but as probably bisexual; in other words, his marriage to the former Arianna Stassinopoulos wasn't a total sham. He insists that he was never unfaithful to her, with men or women. And he takes his relatively new Greek Orthodox faith—a footnote in Brock's piece—very seriously. "He has become a man of great spirituality," says a close friend.

Like many lesbians and gays, Huffing-


n't be fodder for reporters and rival politicians. Brock defends his piece, saying he told Huffington from the outset—the two met four years ago, just after Huffington lost the most expensive U.S. Senate race in history—that their friendship wouldn't stop Brock from writing an honest article. Friends admit that Huffington was naive to think *Esquire* would print the touchy-feely piece he had hoped for.

What's next for Huffington? After bottling up feelings for years, gay people often come bursting from the closet with a single-minded intensity (think Ellen) that can wear a bit thin. But consider the alternative: an unhappy, dishonest Huffington could have continued to run for major public office. Now that would have been a tragic tale.

—By John Cloud

See what happens when we
all wish for the same thing?



Drivers wanted. 

Let's Go to the Tape

A rash of referee blunders in NFL games has fans pleading for a review of key calls by instant replay

By STEVE LOPEZ

FAMINE, DISEASE, WRONGFUL PROSECUTION. The injustices of the world are many, but there may be none more dreaded or debated than a blown call late in a National Football League game. Coaches and players foam; league officials squirm; and frazzled fans dial the personality-disorder hotline called sports talk radio. Pro football, which made violence a Sunday virtue and Vegas the national bank, is the beast in all of us.

So let's kill the refs.

When three blatant officiating blunders led to losses for the Seattle Seahawks, Buffalo Bills and Pittsburgh Steelers in recent weeks, the whole playoff picture was torn from its frame. The NFL politburo announced that instant replay, in use from 1986 to 1991, may be revived for the playoffs.

Initial support gave way to caution, though, and to doubts about whether to even put it to a vote among team owners this week. Some owners fretted about game delays (as if officials don't already huddle like zebras at a watering hole); technological complexities; and when to allow challenges, by whom and how often.

Legitimate concerns, but guess what, guys? Air-traffic control is complicated. So is gene splicing. But reviewing a 5-yd. run on instant replay? Is there any good reason, with a game on the line, a season on the line, maybe the Super Bowl on the line, that everyone but the referees should have the benefit of technology that's roughly 35 years old?

Here's a thought: every dope in the world has got a cell phone. Give one to the ref, and have someone sitting in front of a TV call and overrule him when he blows it. Just do it on obvious blunders for now, and work out a better system in the off-season.

NFL spokesman Greg Aiello objects that "people can disagree about what's obvious." True enough. So let's set a standard. Let's use the end of the Jets-Seahawks game Dec. 6 at New Jersey's Meadowlands, seconds dying. Jets quarterback Vinny Testaverde knifing for the goal line with the ball. Jimmy Hoffa might be somewhere in that end



HEADS OR TAILS? The ref awards the ball to the wrong team



TOUCHDOWN? Short of the goal, Jets get the call



OUT OF BOUNDS? Tape shows receiver out; ref says he's in

zone, but Testaverde was a crowbar short. Yet the Jets were given the touchdown that might have knocked Seattle out of the playoffs. "It's nonsense to say 'Let's wait,'" says Fox-TV analyst Tim Green, a former defensive end for the Atlanta Falcons. "That play could end up costing [Seattle coach] Dennis Erickson his job."

Green is a man whose only apparent touchdown in an eight-year career was called back after an instant replay. But not only does he also want the replay back and want it now, he wants the league to get to work on a laser-detection system to determine whether a ball crosses the goal line or a ball carrier steps on the sideline.

Several owners remain philosophically opposed to any nonhuman intrusion on the dignity of the game, which is essentially a blood sport. But a random sampling of teams suggests replay will get a thorough review in the off-season, as will oft debated questions such as whether officials should be full-time professionals rather than weekend warriors with day jobs.

Among today's players, even 300-lb. blobs with guts hanging over their belts can dash to catch the pizza truck. That makes it hard for officials to keep up and get close enough to see the play, but not so close that they get crushed. Still, Red Cashion, who retired in 1996 after 25 years in stripes, believes "officials are better today than they were 25 years ago. There's better technique, more training and more intense recruiting." This year's errors are a blip and not a trend, he contends, and if referees don't look as good as they used to, it's partly because TV misses nothing.

All the more reason to use it.

"The options available are astronomical," says Jerry Geger of SporTVision Systems, an NFL consultant on broadcast technology. Computer-driven sorting of images is much faster and more accurate than it was in 1991, when 90 calls were overturned on replay. (The league later determined that 12 of those reversals were in error.) A field official today could use a sideline TV monitor to quickly review a play from several camera angles.

It gets better. On Fox TV last week, Tony Verna, the originator of instant replay while with CBS in 1963, showed off his latest creation: a cell phone-size TV with playback capability. A referee could carry it on his belt. Says the NFL's Aiello: "People come to us all the time with ideas like this, and anything that might improve the game is always under consideration."

Anyone suggest seeing-eye dogs? ■

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City of the Gods

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

FOR ARCHAEOLOGISTS AND TOURISTS alike, the monumental ruins of Mesoamerica are humbling testimony to the complex civilizations that once flourished there. Even the names of these peoples evoke power and mystery: Aztecs, Maya, Zapotecs, Toltecs, Olmecs. But of all the great pre-Columbian metropolises that dot the region, arguably the most magnificent of all belonged to a people who remain nameless. The Aztecs, who took over the area some 25 miles north of modern Mexico City in the 15th century, were convinced it was built by supernatural beings. Their name for the city, which we still use: Teotihuacán, or Place of the Gods.

With few clues to guide modern scientists, the origin and fate of the ancient rulers of Teotihuacán are a mystery to this day. But thanks to a discovery made this fall by an international research team, that mys-



PYRAMID OF THE MOON
The view from the summit, a tarp, inset, marks the scientists' entry point.



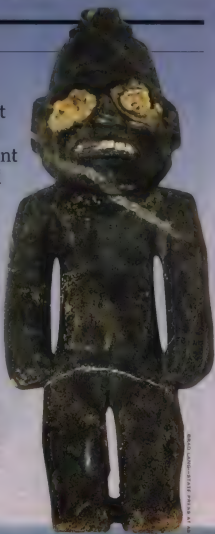
ds Who built Teotihuacán? Why did it fall? Thanks to a newly discovered tomb, the secrets of Mexico's ancient metropolis may finally be revealed

tery may finally be starting to unravel. In mid-October, archaeologists stumbled across a burial chamber deep inside Teotihuacán's massive Pyramid of the Moon. Inside they found a skeleton and more than 150 artifacts probably dating to about A.D. 150. It is, exults anthropologist Michael Spence of the University of Western Ontario, "a fantastic find."

Until the 1960s, no one realized that Teotihuacán's great Avenue of the Dead, anchored at its northern end by the Pyramid of the Moon and flanked by the even larger Pyramid of the Sun and other ceremonial buildings, was the core of a much larger metropolis. Indeed, at 8 sq. mi. and with an estimated population of 150,000, Teotihuacán was the largest city in Mesoamerica in its heyday (about A.D. 500) and one of the six largest in the world—larger even than Rome. Its political power reached all the way to

with outposts as far away as Guatemala.

Unlike its Mayan counterparts, though, Teotihuacán has yielded very few inscriptions, and those are in a hieroglyphic language that archaeologists have not yet been able to decipher. The city's celebrated painted murals don't provide many clues either. "There are very few glimpses of daily life," complains Arizona State University anthropologist George Cowgill. The best information scientists have to date comes from a series of mass graves discovered about a decade ago in the so-called Feathered Serpent Pyramid by Cowgill, his Arizona State colleague Saburo Sugiyama and Rubén Cabrera of Mexico's National Institute of Anthropology and History. Most of the 150 skeletons found there were buried with their hands and feet bound, suggesting that they had been sacrificed; most of them were also dressed as soldiers and armed



CULTURAL CLUE This stone statue, about 1½ ft. tall, was found near a human skeleton



GLORIES OF WAR? Among the objects uncovered at the new site were obsidian ceremonial knives, above, and stone spear points, right

with obsidian-tipped spears and other weapons. More sacrificial victims were discovered within the Pyramid of the Sun by another team. But these finds raised as many questions as they answered about the culture of Teotihuacán.

Then, last year, Sugiyama and Cabrera decided to tackle the Pyramid of the Moon. Like most Mesoamerican pyramids, this one was built like an onion. Explains Cowgill: "They would build a small pyramid, then build a larger one over it and then build a third one after that." As a result, the interior is almost solid dirt and rubble, with no distinct passageways. This makes the going slow and expensive. It took the archaeolo-



gists 3½ months to reach the burial chamber, which is about 90 ft. inside the pyramid.

It was worth the trouble. "No one has ever found a burial of this richness intact at Teotihuacán before," says Cowgill. Among the booty: two 1½-ft.-high greenstone statues; a couple of larger human figurines fashioned from obsidian; at least 15 double-edged obsidian knives similar to those used in sacrifices; shell pendants in the form of human teeth; pyrite disks

(which served as mirrors); the skeletons of two young felines (possibly jaguars) in the remnants of a wooden cage; and the scattered bones of at least seven large birds.

But it's the human bones that have Spence's attention. Once they have been fully extricated, he will try to determine the individual's age and gender (probably male). He'll also look for evidence of disease, malnutrition or developmental abnormalities as well as wounds, broken limbs or signs of hard labor and such status symbols as a deliberately shaped head or filed teeth. The absence of lavish body ornaments, the position of the skeleton's hand (which was belatedly found behind its back, as if the arms had been tied) and the location of the burial chamber all suggest to Sugiyama that the individual was bound and sacrificed. "We thought [the skeleton] might be a ruler or a person of high status, but it may not turn out to be that," he cautions.

In the long run, the scientists say, the individual's social status and the richness of the offerings may not be as important as the burial's age, which places it in a crucial time period only a couple of centuries after the city was founded. "We know almost nothing about Teotihuacán's early political history, so [this discovery] should shed a lot more light on that," says Cowgill.

But the real key to unraveling the secrets of Teotihuacán is more digging—a lot more—and Sugiyama's team is still hard at work. Despite this impressive discovery, says Cowgill, "95% of the city is still unexcavated. We're just scratching the surface." —Reported by Andrea Dorfman/
New York

IN BRIEF

A New Key to the Family Tree

The bones unearthed at Teotihuacán are plenty ancient, but there's old and then there's old—and a find announced by South African scientists last week makes A.D. 150 seem like yesterday. Researchers at the University of the Witwatersrand reported that they've discovered the skeleton of a human ancestor that could be as much as 3.5 million years old.

That's even older than the celebrated Lucy, and comes from a time when humans still had many apelike characteristics. Best of all, this skeleton is almost complete; it even comes with a skull. There is no need to mix and match different specimens to guess what the entire creature looked like (Lucy, for example, was only 40% complete). Once the skeleton is fully excavated in a year or so, experts should be able to pin down the relative sizes of different body parts and see just which of the creature's features were apelike and which were human. It is, says paleontologist Alan Walker of Pennsylvania State University, "perhaps one of the best finds ever."

That's true even if, as some experts suspect, the specimen is really as little as 2.5 million years old. Complete skeletons are so rare that even such a relative youngster will inevitably flesh out the book of human evolution as few discoveries ever have. Says William Kimbel, science director of the Institute of Human Origins at Arizona State University: "It will give us what we got from Lucy, and more." —By Michael D. Lemonick. Reported by Andrea Dorfman/New York



BOTH SKULL AND BONES This head will help scientists know how apelike our ancestor was

Bill Gates' Nemesis

The DOJ lead attorney David Boies takes a hit but keeps on coming

By CHRIS TAYLOR

IT WAS, AS IT HAPPENS, PEARL HARBOR Day when David Boies got the news in the Justice Department's war room. Not only was the world's richest man personally accusing him, the government's lead attorney in the Microsoft antitrust case, of trying to destroy his company, but one of the 20 states backing the suit—South Carolina—had also switched sides. As usual, Boies was almost the last to know; he learned about it when a reporter dialed his cell phone looking for a quote. "I find out a lot of what's going on in this case from journalists," jokes the veteran attorney.

Is Boies perturbed by these developments? Not a bit, he says. Should he be? Well, South Carolina's Republican attorney general Charlie Condon says he broke ranks because the proposed merger of AOL and Netscape proves that Microsoft does not monopolize the PC industry. Because that is the point Microsoft has been earnestly making for two weeks, there was some celebration at the company's glitzy press conference Monday (the same event where Bill Gates, appearing by satellite, accused Boies of being "out to destroy Microsoft... and make us look very bad").

But that was about as good as it got for Gates last week. By Tuesday, it emerged that Microsoft had donated a hefty



\$20,000 to the South Carolina Republican Party with the specific instruction that none of it go toward the attorney general's re-election, which was enough to raise doubts about his motivation. Moreover, South Carolina had not pulled enough weight in the case for its withdrawal to ignite secessionist fever. "I wouldn't have been able to identify them as one of the states involved," says Boies.

Meanwhile, on the one battleground that matters—the federal courthouse—Microsoft is still doing dismally. Take its central assertion that Internet Explorer is not a separate application, but an integral part of the Windows operating system. A government expert pointed out last week that Microsoft Press's computer dictionary defines

erately "ambiguous questions" and then sandbagging Microsoft by airing the tapes. If he'd known they were going to be played in court, Gates said, he would have "smiled a little bit."

Why the new course? Boies suggests it could have something to do with the fact that Microsoft's legal team now has the rights to the Gates videotape—and can show it in its entirety at any time. "If they want to make it available for rent at Blockbuster, they can do it," confirms Georgetown University law professor Bill Kovacic. "But I doubt there's much context there that will help." All of which may explain why Boies is still smiling—no matter how many states are on his side. ■



HIS OWN WORST ENEMY? Microsoft's CEO may blame Boies for his woes, but tell it to the judge a Web browser (like Explorer) as an application.

IN BRIEF

How to Clone a Herd

First there was Dolly the Scottish sheep. Then, last July, came several litters of cloned mice. Now scientists at Japan's Kinki University have produced something even bigger and a good deal tastier: eight identical calves cloned from a single cow.

Writing in last week's issue of *Science*, the Japanese researchers report that they achieved this feat of bovine photocopying using two different types of cells, taken from a single cow's ovaries and fallopian tubes. Those cells—all carrying the same genetic payload—were introduced into cow ova whose genes had been scooped away. Ten such identical embryos were then implanted in the wombs of surrogate cow mothers, and all but two came to term.

No one knows why the Kinki team managed to bat .500 (while Dolly's creators needed 29 embryos to get one hit). Japanese scientists hope to learn more when other calves—cloned from liver, kidney and heart cells—are born next spring. The beef industry is anxiously awaiting the answer: the clones come from a line of prize cows whose meat sells for \$100 a pound. —By Jeffrey Kluger





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CYBERPUNK SPI



By MICHAEL KRANTZ AUSTIN



IT'S 2044, AND OSCAR VALPARAISO HAS A LOT ON HIS PLATE. No sooner did the young political operative put his boss in the Senate than the guy went nuts, leaving Oscar to sink or swim in a world where pretty much everything has gone wrong. Oceans warmed by climate change have risen so fast that the Dutch are waging Cold War II against Uncle

Sam. The devaluation of software to zero (the Chinese post it all free on the Net) snapped the economy like a dry twig. Air Force squads shake down drivers on the highways. Roving "radical proles" terrorize the dwindling bourgeoisie. Oscar's base of operations, a beleaguered

Texas biotech lab, faces a funding cutoff and a Governor wielding biological weapons. And some Net robot keeps spamming lists of madmen, urging them to knock Oscar off. How's he going to reshape the government in time to save America? Especially since Oscar is (arguably) in love ...

So it goes in *Distraction* (Bantam; \$23.95), the latest novel from Bruce Sterling, one of America's best-known science-fiction writers and perhaps the sharpest observer of our media-choked culture working today in any genre.

How is it, then, that the leafy tranquility of Sterling's well-appointed Austin, Texas,

NMEISTER

With *Distraction*, Bruce Sterling's fiercely satirical take on America's political future, a cult icon comes into his own

home is shattered only by his two-year-old daughter Laura's careening through the living room like a stray electron? (Dad prefers "like a misrouted Internet packet.") "I like starting with a set of initial conditions and just extrapolating," he says. In this case, the initial conditions came courtesy of Mother Russia, whose meltdown Sterling covered for *Wired* back in 1993. "I was watching a huge 20th century superpower fall apart at the seams," he says. Extrapolating from Moscow to the U.S. was a simple matter of wondering, like any good science-fiction writer, What if?

The result is a darkly comic vision of the future impact of a high-tech revolution that Sterling's earlier work helped create. He grew up in a Texas refinery town, the son of a petroleum engineer and grandson of a cattle rancher. While studying journalism at the University of Texas in the late '70s, he fell in with a group of budding writers that included William Gibson, John Shirley and Greg Bear. The cyberpunks, as they called themselves, were obsessed with all things digital, and in the '80s managed somehow to reverse pop culture's aesthetic field, turning slouching, sullen '60s youth

dered efforts, Sterling hit his stride with *Heavy Weather* (1994), a novel about tornado freaks published two years pre-*Twister*, and *Holy Fire* (1996), a haunting meditation on life-extension technology.

Distraction is a new high-water mark. Oscar Valparaiso is a marvelous take on the '90s spin doctor: whip-smart, icy-veined and two steps ahead of the rest of the room. He's tomorrow's man: a wired multitasker with a gift for filtering infinite streams of data to his own strategic benefit. But we wonder whether this guy has a soul.

Now, perhaps that's merely an artifact of Oscar's embarrassing "personal background problem." Or maybe his jaded 21st century self just offends our tender 20th century sensibilities. Consider this lovely beach scene: "Oscar strolled past a glittering shoal of smashed aluminum," Sterling writes in impeccable gleaming-chrome cyberpunk form. "The plethora of drift junk filled him with a pleasant melancholy. Every beach he'd ever known had boasted its share of ruined bicycles, waterlogged couches, picturesque sand-etched medical waste. In his opinion, zealots like the Dutch complained far too much about the inconveniences of rising seas. Like all Europeans, the Dutch were stuck in the past, unable to come to pragmatic, workable terms with new global realities."

Hey, who isn't? Oscar is on that beach awaiting his great spiritual test in the form

has been around since, say, *Frankenstein*, but Sterling's take on it achieves a fierce, satirical clarity that recalls the genre's masterwork, Don DeLillo's *White Noise* (1985). *Distraction* is catnip for smart people.

In person, the author comes off like first-draft Oscar. Interviewing him is like watching a frog hopscotch across a lily-padded pond and wondering when he'll land in the water. He doesn't answer questions so much as wield them, like any good pol, in furtherance of his own idiosyncratic conversational agenda, launching into highly literate, if often ill-focused, disquisitions on, you know, whatever. "Catalytic cracking units" give way to "mechanicature fanzines." "Headless decentralized autonomous research groups" derive from "involuntary wildlife refuges" and that venerable biotech standby, "wet goo."

Well, Bruce, you keep writing good books, and we'll keep letting you ramble into our microcassette recorder. At 44, Sterling is a married and prosperous father of two, but he wears his hair as long as the boomer teen he remains at heart and sets it off with the jeans and logood black T that was the cyberpunk uniform way back when. Examining his life as a middle-aged iconoclast, he cackles with glee at his own half-cracked ideas. Which are manifold. His next novel is a "fantasy technothriller" featuring terrorists and assassins. He contributes to *Wired* and the Australian magazine *World Art* and spends loving hours

important that I keep writing things for free.??

who hated the system and thought technology was evil into slouching, sullen '90s youth who hate the system and think technology will bring it down.

O.K., the Walkman, the Mac, MTV and Nintendo helped too, but the cyberpunk novels—most notably Gibson's cyberspace epic *Neuromancer*—were clearly a formative influence on today's Gen X Silicon Valley sensibility. Sterling himself edited the seminal 1986 anthology *Mirrorshades*; his prologue became the de facto cyberpunk manifesto and remains, he ruefully admits, his most widely known work to date.

That may change. After an early career that mixed such successes as *Islands in the Net* (1988) with several quickly remain-

of Greta Penninger, a dowdy genius whom our antihero is hot for, though he can't decide whether to sleep with her, run her for office or both. "Greta had real promise," Oscar muses. "There was basically nothing wrong with the woman that couldn't be set straight with a total makeover, power dressing, improved debate skills, an issue, an agenda, some talking points, and a clever set of offstage handlers."

Ah, to be young and in love. Greta and Oscar provide the novel's twin moral poles: industrial-age truth vs. information-age spin. The American sickness, to Sterling, derives from the way the same science that built our world threatens to decouple us from our own tenuous humanity. The idea

maintaining busy e-mail lists on "dead media," foreign-language science-fiction and postindustrial design. And though he's a proper punk skeptic when it comes to politics—"My job is to play with nutty ideas, not grapple with serious issues"—he is truly obsessed with global warming, which this year's brutal Southwestern drought brought a bit too close to home. "Why am I living in a world where I walk onto my porch on a summer afternoon and smell the Mexican jungle on fire?" he asks, um, heatedly. "I mean, that's it—you can't talk me down from that! I'm going to kick and fuss for the next 20 years!"

Then he pauses for a rare breath and breaks into a down-home Texas grin. "And I'm going to enjoy every minute of it." ■

THE
BEST
BEST
OF

CINEMA TELEVISION DESIGN MUSIC THEATER BOOKS SPORTS PEOPLE

THE BEST & WORST OF THE YEAR

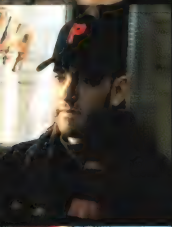
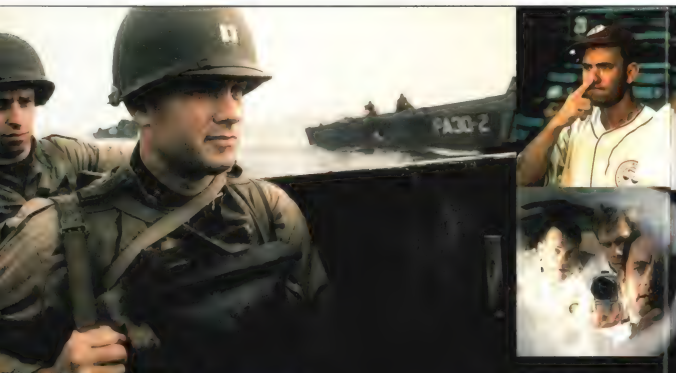


NO WORD GAMES OR LEGALISMS here. No "it depends on what your definition of *best* is." We say just the finest, ma'am. And in the realm of **CINEMA**, that means **TOM HANKS**, who follows up his Mark

McGwire performance in *Saving Private Ryan* with a Sammy Sosa for the holidays. In **TELEVISION**, it means a goodbye from the nation's most beloved faux talk-show host. (Sorry, Magic.) In **DESIGN**, a cool house by Koolhaas. In **MUSIC**, a magical, defiant album by the woman formerly known as a Fugee. In **THEATER**, an angry drama from a member of the latest generation of angry young men. In **BOOKS**, a novel that floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee, and a biography of the man who pioneered that style. In **SPORTS**—well, duh. (Sorry, Michael; sorry, Yankees.) And then there are the year's best **PEOPLE**, or at least the year's most quintessential: 15 who got their 15 minutes. So turn the page already. What are you waiting for, a censure option? We've got that too.



Photograph for TIME by Gregory Heisler



Tom Te

The film of the year. A perky new comedy. These a



THE
BEST
OF

CINEMA

By RICHARD CORLISS and CATHY BOOTH

DECADES AGO, ALFRED HITCHCOCK said actors were cattle. Today celebrities are meat: junk food for tabloid headlines, canapés for cocktail-party surmise, fodder for Leno and Letterman raillery. Are the charges, whispers and gags true? Hardly matters; they need only be entertaining. Star tattle proceeds from two American impulses: cynicism and sentimentality. Sentimentally we imagine that a popular artist must have hidden depths. Cynically we suspect that every star must have a guilty secret; all that power, money and spare time allow them to act out any sick whim. Gossip has become the purest form of show biz, a story that can be as short as a gerbil joke or as epic as the Monica Follies. It attaches itself to any prominent person, no matter how conventional or innocent he may appear.

Yet in all the annals of tattle, one man stands unsmearred. No one has accused Tom Hanks of being secretly gay, or of enjoying an unnatural relationship with certain varieties of fish, or of having sired a child in each NBA city. That is because (and we've researched this thoroughly) Hanks is a bright, decent, nice guy. You got a problem with that?

It ought to be enough that Hanks is a solid, supple actor who not only takes ornery subjects (AIDS, Vietnam, the U.S. space program) and turns them into hits (*Philadelphia*, *Forrest Gump*, *Apollo 13*), but also gives almost all his movies a moral center. In this age of the outlaw, he defines the ideal norm: he is our best us on our worst day, soldiering on through heartbreak. In *Saving Private Ryan*, for which he may earn his third Oscar as the tough, paternal Captain Miller, Hanks has a moment when the burden of leadership in war has nearly broken him. He walks over a hillside from his fractious men (far enough away that no one will see him) and sobs (so softly that no one will hear him). He is discreet even in despair.

And Hanks is a hero even when he does bad things. In the perky new comedy *You've Got Mail*, Hanks runs a giant chain that threatens to ruin a children's bookstore run by Meg Ryan; he is *Big Business* engulfing and devouring the sweet spirit of independence. In the intimate anonymity of a chat room, he carries on an e-mail affair with Ryan and doesn't tell her that her destroyer is her potential beau. At a literary soiree he scoops up all the caviar. Who is this creep? Tom Hanks. And because he is, he must be decent, searching, a thoughtful lover, natural dad-in-the-making. He reveals that through the comic grace he's displayed since *Splash*. It is a nice reminder that this ordinary-looking guy—with the repetitive crunches in that pensive space

HANKS IN THE '90S: His films include, clockwise from top left, *Saving Private Ryan*, *A League of Their Own*, *Apollo 13*, *Sleepless in Seattle*, *You've Got Mail*, *Forrest Gump*, *Toy Story* and *Philadelphia*



rific

re high times for our most versatile star



PHOTOGRAPHY: TONY JACKSON; STYLING: JENNIFER HANCOCK; HAIR: JENNIFER HANCOCK; MAKEUP: JENNIFER HANCOCK; PROP STYLING: JENNIFER HANCOCK; SET DESIGNER: JENNIFER HANCOCK

between his eyebrows and, at 42, a bit of a Michelin Man neck—is the avatar of Cary Grant and Spencer Tracy. Our suave, most grounded light-romantic star.

Hanks has earned the luxury of taking his \$20 million a picture and hiding. But this is the *Esquire* era: excellence is not enough. He must be an ideal guy in real life; offstage he must be "Tom Hanks." So attend to these testimonials, made under neither threat nor hypnosis:

► **Lauren Shuler Donner**, producer of *You've Got Mail*: "I'd love to give you the dirt, but he's the real deal. All the clichés are true. Ask him to work Saturdays, ask him to reshoot a scene—his answer is always 'Whatever you need.' What a good guy! What a dream! What a pleasure!"

► **Peter Scolari**, Hanks' co-star on his first prominent gig, the engaging '80s sitcom *Bosom Buddies*: "It's not like there's a movie-star thing with Tom. There's not a big aura. O.K., there is an aura, but he doesn't shine it in your eyes."

► **Captain Dale Dye**, U.S.M.C. (ret.), senior military adviser on *Saving Private Ryan*: "The guy could be, should have been, a professional soldier. He has the mind, the motivation, the spirit and the body to make a good officer. He's inquisitive and highly intelligent. Strip away the Hollywood crap and he's like Captain Miller: a common man in uncommon circumstances who rises to uncommon levels."

► **Steven Spielberg**, neighbor: "First he's a wonderful daddy. In between raising his kids, he does pictures. We're friends because his interpretation of family life is so retro. It's car pools, barbecues, play weekends, talk about the PTA, take videos of the kids. The other thing is that he completely, unerringly loves his wife."

Now go to the Man; you will find that even Tom Hanks likes Tom Hanks. "I think I'm a very pleasant person," he says. "I am. I'm a sunny individual. I think I can work with just about everybody. But this is a pretty protective atmosphere we're in here. It's very easy. In all honesty, why not be pleasant? I've never been a fan of people who operate from the school of 'The squeaky wheel gets the grease.' In my mind, the squeaky wheel gets replaced."

If Hanks doesn't squeak, he does squawk on the set. "For an Everymann," Spielberg says, "he's pretty damned opinionated." He can impose his will, and not just through star power. The week before *Private Ryan* was to begin shooting,

"I'm a sunny individual. But this is a pretty protective atmosphere we're in here. It's very easy. In all honesty, why not be pleasant?"

Hanks and the film's squad of seven actors were put through some tough basic training. After three days, says Dye, "they were a little shocky, and naturally they began to grumble. But then out of his tent walks Tom Hanks as Captain Miller." Hanks recalls that after he gave an impassioned speech, "we took a vote. I was the only one who voted to stay. So we had another talk." They voted to stick it out. "It was five days of very little sleep at night," says Hanks. "It was not even a fraction of what anybody in the service goes through. But for us, whose

job it is—whose job it is—to project that, it was the most important thing we did."

Hanks' hectoring is always about craft and competence: doing it right, getting the job done. Nearly every Hanks director describes him as a maddening perfectionist who is somehow so sincere that he doesn't piss anybody off. More important, he gives directors his fierce dedication to submerging himself in the role. "He's so versatile and has such range," says Frank Darabont, writer-director of Hanks' next film, *The Green Mile*, "that you don't have to take the character to him. He brings the character to the screen." Hanks also knows how to lighten things up on the set. For the kissing scene in *You've Got Mail*, recalls Ryan, "we were both uncomfort-



able. So Tom starts talking about the Microsoft lawsuit. I knew just what he was doing. It was so generous."

Hanks is unusually generous to the press; he tries to give a fresh, incisive quote to each journalist. He even took it well when he heard he would be bumped off the cover of this week's *TIME* because of some minor congressional skirmish. Caring and articulate, he rarely trips over his own dexterity. And when he does it makes news.

Recently he told the *New Yorker* that he "regrets" having given \$10,000 to the Clinton defense fund. Now, asked about that remark, he goes all stammering, in the early Hanks mode of bluster and fluster, to explain, "Look, if I hadn't given it then, I would have given it now. As a guy who sup-

ports the President of the United States, I think he's doing a fabulous job, and I'm glad I gave him the money." Not that he wasn't shocked by the Lewinsky affair. "In the vast, surrealistic expanse of the *Story of the Year*, who *didn't* at one point or another slap themselves upside the head and say, 'Holy smoke! *Hole ee smoke!* Can you believe this?? And you can't believe it, but it's the reality. But you know what? He's my guy."

In the *New Yorker* story, Hanks also did not rule out a future campaign for the presidency. Now he does. "I'm not running for President of the United States. I'm an actor who makes movies, and that's how I was answering the questions." His anguish turns briefly impish. "I think Sammy Sosa would be an ideal running

mate. His enthusiasm, his joy and feel for the game." Then the *agita* rises again. "Good Lord Almighty! This is how trivial the times we're living in are. I don't even want to talk about it! *Argggghhhh!*"

MR. NICE GUY DOES NOT easily wear the albatross of eminence. He may joke about it: "I'm powerful enough now to be taken seriously," he says, snapping his fingers like a born Hollywood sharpie. "Plenty of people take my phone calls!" He can also get plaintive: "Me famous?" he asks. "I can't embrace it for a moment. *You guys do that.*" But he knows he is expected to think he's famous, and to love it: "I was working 18-hour days on *That Thing You Do!*," he says of the 1996 film he wrote and directed, "and I wasn't seeing my kids as much as I wanted. And I got into an elevator and this lady said, 'Oh, Tom Hanks! What's it like living at the absolute top of the heap?' And I said, 'Lady, life is just one damn thing after another, no matter where you're living.'"

On the set Hanks relaxes in a comfortable but not lavish silver Airstream trailer. (Of another star's trailer, he jokes, "John Travolta's is sorta like the Ritz Carlton. I wouldn't ever want to leave.") His real home—with his wife, actress Rita Wilson, and their two kids—is in west L.A., down the road from Spielberg's. But the star hasn't forgotten his dark roots. "Tom came from a hard place, and he remembers that," says Brian Grazer, producer of *Splash* and *Apollo 13*. The two men used to live near each other in a gated community on the Pacific. "I remember Tom sitting on the beach, holding the sand tight in his fist and saying, 'I can't believe this is my place.'"

As the kid from Concord, Calif., Tom Hanks didn't have a place. His parents separated when he was five, and he followed his chef father from job to job. "Basically he ran the kitchen in union dinner houses," Tom recalls. "Places with a net-and-nautical theme, with bamboo barstools and a dirty, disgusting kitchen." Early on, the boy learned the vagabond independence an actor needs. "I thought nothing of getting on the bus and visiting Mom four or five times a year."

A kid on the move—an Army brat or cook's son—typically either crawls into a shell or finds ways to cope with new classmates each school year. Hanks coped, adapted and later found a home in the impromptu family that is any company of actors. "To me it was the natural order of things, this willingness to go off and throw yourself into strange circumstances. I was

never afraid to pack up and go off." And when he wasn't going off, he was looking up—at the stars. His obsession with the U.S. space program, which blossomed into *Apollo 13* and his own HBO series *From the Earth to the Moon*, began here.

FROM THE BEGINNING HE WAS a sweet blend of humor and earnestness. In high school in Oakland he quit track (he ran the 440 in 61 sec.) for the stage because his actor friends laughed more than the jocks. "I was attracted to acting because it was fun," says Hanks, dismissing any deeper motives. "I'd rather laugh all day long than anything."

Tom also got an eclectic religious education. His mother took the kids to Roman Catholic Mass. A stepmother brought in some Mormon proselytizers. His aunt,

with whom he lived for a time, had converted to the Nazarene Church ("What did I know from fanatical?" he asks). In high school his Jewish friends inducted him into the sacred rituals of seder, bagels and lox. At the same time he joined "a great group of people" who were born-again Christians; for four years he led Bible readings. But Tom was a man with his own mission. The mission was acting.

Before he was 20, he was seen playing Yasha the footman in *The Cherry Orchard* in Sacramento and hired as an intern at the Great Lakes Shakespeare

Festival in Cleveland, Ohio. Soon he was making \$50 a week and, best of all, "Boom, I had a card in my wallet that said I am a professional actor." He and his first wife Samantha went to New York City for the requisite starving-actor years; they had a baby and some thin patches. "It was a year and a half of horrible scary days," he recalls.

Big Break No. 1: a leading role in *Bob-om Buddies*, a sitcom about two young ad-men who dress as girls to live cheaply in a women-only building. The show had one claim to must-see TV: the comic chemistry

between Scolari, all neurotic flutters, and the more bullish Hanks. "There was no reason to hire me," Hanks says. "I was a new guy." Yet here he was, at 23, earning \$9,000 an episode: "I made more money in two weeks than I'd made in my entire

Matchmaker, Matchmaker

AT THE END OF THE CENTURY, AS many filmmakers take a darkened view of love and togetherness, there are comforts attached to entering the world of a Nora Ephron romantic comedy—and these comforts extend beyond the knowledge that, at some point or another, Meg Ryan will appear on screen in a twin set. When Ephron pairs the actress with Tom Hanks, the viewer can rest assured that certain unsettling events will not occur: we know, for example, that our hero won't ever suffer financially (and thus won't turn to a life of bank robbery or kidnapping); our heroine won't be left, at the end of the film, with no one to dance with but her gay best friend; and, perhaps more significantly, the fated lovers won't ever turn up earnestly poring through self-help books trying to save the imperfect relationships they are in already.

In a culture teeming with *Oprah*, couples counselors and John Gray seminars, all telling us that love is about hard work and accepting one another's differences, Ephron refreshingly stands out as the nation's foremost advocate of mind-meld. For her, it seems, true love exists when there is a complete compatibility of intellect and tastes, the shared belief, say, that Brooks Robinson was the best third baseman ever. Intimacy isn't something built; it is something found when just the right attractive someone enters your universe, cyber or otherwise. "What's really better," says Ephron, "than two brains falling in love?"

You've Got Mail, a follow-up to her successful Hanks-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MAYER

Ryan vehicle *Sleepless in Seattle*, is Ephron's ninth effort as a screenwriter and fifth as a director. Unlike many of today's young filmmakers who grew up on movies like *Shampoo*, Ephron, 57, was weaned on the romantic comedies of the '40s, which serve, obviously, as her inspiration. "I think edge is a highly overrated

thing," she says. "No matter how hip people think they are, they definitely want to fall in love."

A Beverly Hills native and the oldest daughter of screenwriters Phoebe and Henry Ephron, the filmmaker attended Wellesley before entering a career as an East Coast journalist and, eventually, a famously bad marriage to Watergate reporter Carl Bernstein. It is not surprising, given Ephron's history, that her heroines typically have a passionate connection to words. Ryan was a writer in *When Harry Met Sally* and *Sleepless*, and is a bookstore owner in Ephron's new e-mail love story. "Romantic comedies are always about words," Ephron reminds. "People hate each other because of what they say or love each other because of what they say. There are many 19th century romantic comedies where a letter changes everything."

A New Yorker for many years and now married to writer Nicholas Pileggi, Ephron maintains as sunny a view of Manhattan—*You've Got Mail*'s blindingly lit non-virtual setting—as she does of romance. "What people don't know about New York is that it is a series of villages," she notes. "There are many things about New York that are actually like a small town in Iowa." We didn't call her a cynic.

—By Gina Ballante

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career." Scolari recalls that "Tom lived in a *Leave It to Beaver* house with Samantha and their two children." The Hankses separated in 1985.

BIG BREAK NO. 2: THE 1984 *Splash*, in which Hanks falls for a mermaid. The modestly budgeted film grossed \$62 million in North America, and Hanks was suddenly the new surefire romantic-comedy guy. In three years he did seven films, mostly raffish comedies. It took Penny Marshall's *Big* (Break No. 3) to change that. Now he was so hot he was cast in roles that didn't suit him, like Sherman McCoy in *The Bonfire of the Vanities* or the thinks-he's-going-to-die hero of *Joe versus the Volcano*.

"I was manufacturing reasons to make the movies," Hanks says. "Then I realized

there was a way to control my fate: by saying no to movies I didn't want to do." And saying yes to *A League of Their Own*: Break No. 4, the last he would need. Every film he has starred in since then has been a hit.

You've Got Mail, an easy comedy with a disturbing subtext—it is less about saving Meg Ryan than showing how the large overwhelm the small with clout and charm—looks to continue the streak. But there is always the past to give him perspective. "It's a

checkered career. They can't all be gems, man," he says, and winces. "People rent your bad stuff!" He would seem to have one guaranteed hit in his future: a sequel to the computer-animated delight *Toy Story*, for which Hanks gave voice to Sheriff Woody. He still gets a charge when kids ask him to "do" Woody. "It's just my own voice," he says with incredulous joy.

What about his own kids? Are they starstruck by having Tom Freakin' Hanks

We've Got Their Mail

While they made the movie, co-stars Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan traded real e-mail. Some excerpts:

Monday, Jan. 26 From Meg

To: Tom

hello, hello, hello?!!!!! This is my first pitch out there into the void. Are you there? Will you catch it? Will you be the catcher in the void? clackety, clack, blah, blah, blah ... hello?

Wednesday, Jan. 28 From Tom

To: Meg

Yes, I am here ... e-mail is this thing that you can do in those pleasant, blank moments in the day when you can be sparkling or witty with people you couldn't get on the phone even if you tried ... I am glad to be making this movie with you—a return to some nice suits, a good haircut and some great dialog with you ...

Wednesday, Feb. 4 From Meg

To: Tom

The best thing I saw today was a very gleeful bicyclist zooming uptown, stopped right near me on the corner of 57th.



While he was waiting to cross he started playing his Game Boy which he had slung around his neck ...

Monday, Feb. 9 From Tom

To: Meg

In the Park, on one of the Ballfields, completely by himself, a saxophone player is standing on the pitcher's mound wailing some practice solos, giving his chops a workout without disturbing any neighbors but the trees—a musical score perfect for a movie scene in the city today.

Tuesday, Feb. 10 From Meg

To: Tom

You've got me thinking about sounds in the city. What about when a pneumatic bus door opens? It always sounds to me like such a grateful gasp or sigh. "PSSTSSSTAAAAAAHHHH ... some people are getting off." But I don't like being growled at about my belongings when I get in or out of a cab ...

Tuesday, Feb. 10 From Tom

To: Meg

Don't get me started on this Cab recording thing. What about the cab driver? I am an adult. If I choose not to buckle my seat belt it's my own fault. If I forget my backpack or wallet I am a stupid cluck who deserves to lose them. But that poor fellow or gal who is trying to make a living by driving the same

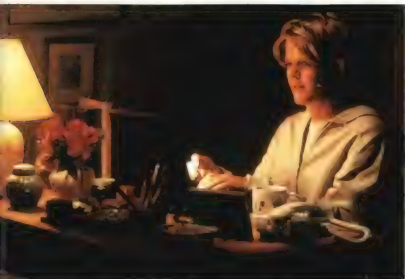
drive them to school? *Naaah.* "My work doesn't make much of a blip at the house," he says. "There's always a hubbub of activity because we're going somewhere, but they don't say, 'Hey, Dad, you're on TV!'" His son Colin, now 21, has tried acting with Dad's cautious encouragement. "All my kids can look and see what I do for a living and see that it's really fun. It produces a vast amount of joy. It's hard work if you can get it, but it's great work too."

That's as much home talk as you'll get out of Hanks, whose personal life is a gated community. He is knowing but, for all his affability, not telling. Even his closest colleagues speak of him as if he were a planet yet to be colonized. Spielberg: "Tom is a bit of a mystery." Says Ryan, his co-star in three films: "I know him, but I don't know him. None of us really knows him." Perhaps this sense of his own unknown is what attracted him to the role of Captain Miller,

who for much of *Private Ryan* is an enigma to his men, and to *Dino*, a Martin Scorsese film in which Hanks would play Dean Martin to Travolta's Sinatra. "Nobody gets to know me," Martin once told a producer. Does Hanks want it that way too?

We stare at a star as the young Tom watched the sky, seeking not the answer to mysteries but mystery itself. An artist of Hanks' resourcefulness must be working out some primal ache, mustn't he? Maybe not. He could be just Joe Actor, a sphinx with no secret. What's at the center of this perplexingly lovely man? A black hole? A barbecue pit? Or the all-American heart?

Give Tom Hanks the privacy he so fervently seeks, and let him try to relax in the hammock of his achievements. Because we know—don't we, America?—that one secret nags at him. Hanks has to be thinking: If only I'd had some fabulous character flaw, I could've been *really big*. —With reporting by Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles



BETWEEN FRIENDS: Chat about cool words and recurring dreams

York Life-space? What can I supply you with? Paper towels? A mop? Take-out menus?

Monday, May 11 From Meg

To: Tom

Maybe in one gym-locker dream you will remember your lost combination and you will find everything you ever lost. Socks, valet ticketstubs, little lists, hotel room keys, sunglasses, sleep, control, teenage know-it-all-ness, saucer eye'd kiddie wonder. You could take out anything you think you might like to keep (maybe the saucer-eye'd stuff and the sleep) and leave the rest, shut the locker right back up, and forget the combination all over again ... Since you asked I could use some aluminum foil.

Saturday, June 6 From Meg

To: Tom

Hey. So I heard you wrapped last night ... I don't know about you but I always find finishing a movie to be a little bittersweet. The oddball little bubble inside of which you've been allowed to be perfectly myopic goes ... poof! Sigh. Done. Anyway. blah blah ... I'm holding out hope that we can do yet another one together ...

Monday, June 8 From Tom

To: Meg

One little shot, me and the dog and H&H Bagels—a couple of takes. Done. What has been the most fun: our scenes together. You have to work tomorrow, to be wrapped when the crew is 1. hung over from tonight's party and 2. truly finished with the movie ... We must do this again ... ■

few square miles of Manhattan all day long, that person has to hear that thing a thousand times a day!!!

Tuesday, April 14 From Meg

To: Tom

I had a love affair with the word "twit" once. This lasted for years, long before I knew anyone that I know now. But the memory of the love lingers and in times of quiet if I really concentrate I can conjure up those feelings again. I've noticed you have a deep affection for the word "hip." You say it pretty often. I get the feeling that you secretly mean "hep"—something about the way you use the word belies a kind of nostalgia for hepness. Probably because you use the word "cool" in its vicinity. "Cool" like "hep," jazzy, zoot suity, snapping fingers, loose at the wrist, scatty.

Wednesday, April 15 From Tom

To: Meg

I like the concept of being loose at the wrist and scatty. Let us all be scatty. T would be "heaven."

Saturday, May 9 From Tom

To: Meg

Do you know how many times I have had the dream that I am back in school—junior high, high school, junior college—and I can't remember my gym locker combination? Over my lifetime? HUNDREDS!... Do you need anything in your New



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1 SAVING PRIVATE RYAN The director of *Schindler's List* surely knows that World War II was morally necessary. So it is a measure of Steven Spielberg's maturity that by opening *Saving Private Ryan* with what may be the most unforgettably brutal sequence in the history of war movies—his astonishing recreation of the Omaha Beach landing—he forces

us to wonder if any cause can justify such carnage. It is a measure of his growth as a questioning humanist that the rest of his tense, brilliantly wrought epic puts men in mortal peril as they attempt to rescue a soldier whose life is no more valuable than theirs, then shows us how honor can be wrested from absurdity by common decency and modest dutifulness.

2 Decalogue A decade ago, Krzysztof Kieslowski made his 10-part cycle of short films, which dramatize the Ten Commandments in modern Poland. In their scope, wit, power and ethical poignancy, they stand even taller today. The series, available in some video stores, still has not achieved U.S. release—a high crime against high artistry.

3 Shakespeare in Love Forbidden romance, raffish show-biz comedy, literary pranksterism and class warfare jostle joyously in this intricately imagined, exuberantly acted, cunningly directed tale of how the young, infinitely distracted Bard gets in touch with the genius he doesn't know he possesses. To Gwyneth Paltrow, muse of Miramax, we send our heart.

4 Happiness Todd Solondz sees the pursuit of happi-

ness as a quest open to all souls, especially doomed ones. With unblinking wit and guile he paints hell as a place very like New Jersey, where an 11-year-old boy has an urgent sex chat with his loving father, a pedophile. Has tenderness ever been so frightening?



5 The Butcher Boy In a provincial 1960s Irish town, an emotionally starved child feeds his imagination on crud culture and warped religiosity, then innocently creates a miniholocaust. Arson, murder, madness—Neil Jordan transforms it all into a bruising metaphor for the larger violence of our times.



6 The Thin Red Line Two great World War II epics in a year, and so different. This one, the first film directed by Terrence Malick since the 1978 *Days of Heaven*, imagines the Guadalcanal battle as a standoff between man at his most frantic and nature at its most rapturous. In one embracing vision, Malick gives you Eden and the Fall. Welcome back, Terry.

7 Bulworth With public disgust at our mendacious



public life at critical mass, Warren Beatty imagines a U.S. Senator who starts telling the truth about the powerful. He's nuts, of course, but the star, director, co-writer and rapster is in a reckless mood. His maniacally skillful movie is that Hollywood



rarity: political satire with real, wound-ing bite.

8 The Opposite of Sex A 16-year-old tramp seduces her gay half brother's lover, says she's pregnant and steals \$10,000. Don Roos' *Seven Characters in Search of a Spanking* is pure modern romance: anguished, raunchy, caring. Praise be the entire cast and, what the heck, a Nobel Prize to Lisa Kudrow as a twisted spinster looking for love.

9 Without Limits A portrait of the artist as a long-distance runner. Steve Prefontaine (well played by Billy Crudup) is a knothead and a hothead, determined to shape his life and race to his own vision. This biography, from director and co-writer Robert Towne, is a sweet, sober meditation on winning, losing and the enigmas of American maleness.

10 Live Flesh It could be a 1940s Hollywood melodrama or an 1840s French farce, but Pedro Almodovar's

gaudy thriller is as modern as Monica. His characters hurl themselves off fate's precipice to find love, lust, deliverance. A wise woman tells her beau that "making love involves two people." That's right: delicious director, dazzled viewer.

2 Jimmy Smits Farewell (ABC) *NYPD Blue* dispatched Detective Bobby Simone in four intensely moving episodes. Smits' low-key virility and Dennis Franz's emotionalism played perfectly in the tragic setting, and if you have to die, Kim Delaney is the woman—tender, beautiful—to have at your side.



3 Clinton's Grand Jury Testimony (ABC) An uncut four-hour videotape, taken by a motionless camera trained on one man talking. Disembodied background voices; absurd dialogue about the word *is*—nothing so avant-garde has ever been broadcast before. Free of punditry, it was the highlight of Monica TV.



4 ER (NBC) O.K., maybe the new story line about Carter and his protégé is strained, but *ER* remains compelling week in and week out. It also remains atop the ratings, proving that quality and popularity can go together. As TV fragments, and another fall season comes to grief for the big networks, *ER* seems like the last universal hit.

5 Cold War (CNN) Any commercial network that aired a 24-part documentary on the cold war, no matter how dull,



1 LARRY SANDERS FINALE (HBO) When people say a TV show is "brilliant," what they usually mean is "brilliant—for a TV show." Yet some series are brilliant by any standard, and *The Larry Sanders Show*, which ended its six-year run last spring, was one such rarity. Starring Garry Shandling as a talk-show host, Sanders sharply satirized show business and provided a unique celebrity frisson as it toyed with the images of its famous guests. But its humor arose equally from its deeply flawed, densely realized characters. The finale was a peak and included a sequence with Jim Carrey that should become legend.

would deserve praise, but CNN created dramatic TV. Mixing rare footage and interviews with figures high and low, the series deftly told its grave story while maintaining scholarly integrity.

6 Teletubbies (PBS) The most imaginative children's show to come along in years, *Teletubbies* features soft, bouncy creatures in an odd green world and seems like a perfect projection of the toddler sensibility. Its greatest brainstrom: repeating films immediately after showing them, just as a two-year-old wants.



AND THE WORST (NBC) Not even those most repelled by the hype surrounding *Seinfeld's* finale could have expected that it would be so bad. Unfunny and childish defensive, it suggested that the show's creators didn't understand what was best about it.

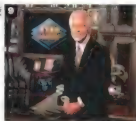
7 Sports Night (ABC) Of all the shows that premiered this season, only this one was at all intriguing. Set at a fast-paced cable show, *Sports Night* is a sort of *ER* with jokes—the camera work, the dialogue and the conflicts are similar to those of TV dramas, but it offers wry comedy and could lead sitcoms in a welcome new direction.

8 An Evening with the Rat Pack (TV Land) This amazing artifact tape captures Sinatra, Martin and Davis in 1965, at the height of their joint fame. With Johnny Carson as emcee, the avatars of cool sing for

typical burgher fans. Frank is a bit stiff, but Dean performs with oozing plunishness, while Sammy wins at some racial cracks.



9 AMC Although its library is inferior to that of Turner Classic Movies, AMC is more fun to watch. Here you see the unfamiliar Jeff Chandler or Virginia Mayo films that are often deliciously bad but can be crudely fascinating and say much about the times in which they were made. All this, and George Clooney's dad Nick as a host too.



10 The Baby Dance (Showtime) Weepy, female-skewing movies almost never get respect, but this one deserves a lot on account of its craft and emotional truth. Stockard Channing's character contracts to adopt the baby Laura Dern is carrying. They seesaw between distrust and affection, and of course it all ends in tears. In this case, they are fully earned.



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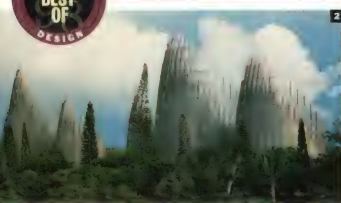


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2

2 Jean-Marie Tjibao Cultural Center, Nouméa, New Caledonia Never heard of Tjibao? Don't know New Caledonia from Old? Hardly matters. The silhouette of this arts complex is so eye catching that unlike much modern architecture, it doesn't need to be explained to be liked. But it helps to know that Renzo Piano designed the slatted wooden sails of the center as a tribute to the local building traditions, as wind shields and as thermal chimneys that promote airflow.

3 Imac Thank you, God or Steve Jobs or whoever is responsible, for the arrival of the Imac, a computer with color, a computer with fun translucent bits, a computer that looks like

what a desktop computer for the home really is: a toy. And since the most fun thing about the computer is the Internet and the least fun thing is attaching all the ugly cables, thank you for making it so easy to plug in. The two-tone keyboard! The adorable round mouse! The parabolic shape! Even the circuit boards, visible through the plastic sides, are alluring.

4 New Beetle Messing with a classic is dangerous, so when VW reintroduced the Beetle, it sprayed on the style with a fire hose. The Volks-folks managed to make the car whimsical but not silly, ingenious but not too cutesy, sexy and sporty at the same time. Just as the old VW Bug inspires aging boomers to memories of more carefree days, the new Beetle suggests glad times ahead. Nothing—fenders, headlights, fuel tank—interrupts the curves of this happy hemisphere of color.

5 Bob Crowley's set designs Paul Simon's Broadway effort, *The Capeman*, may have been a turkey, but it was dressed like a peacock. Even bad plays look good when designed by Crowley. Good plays, like *The Judas Kiss* and *Twelfth Night*,



1 BORDEAUX RESIDENCE, FRANCE Has Rem Koolhaas reinvented the home? One architectural journal went so far as to call this "the best house in the world, ever." Yikes! Built for a wealthy client in a wheelchair who asked that it be made as complex as possible, the house has three stories, in each of which is a 10-ft. by 10-ft. hole. The hole is filled only when the client's 10-ft. by 10-ft. elevator, which is also his office, is in that space. Get it? Rather than making allowances for its disabled owner, each floor is really complete only when he's there. Abled people are inconvenienced for him. But this is more than just a

positively shimmer. Crowley knows how to stun and to enchant. He understands that showmanship need not be slow and that one of the things that draws us to the stage is the way a good set mirrors and enhances a play, yet never overpowers it.

6 The Proteus It's a bird! It's a plane! It's ... O.K., it's a plane, named after the sea god who changed shape. This little flyer can too: the middle section and the wings can be adjusted according to the mission the plane is undertaking. And because Proteus can fly so high (about 65,000 ft.) and





house Christopher Reeve could use. The top floor is a concrete box that hangs implausibly over the column-free middle floor, as if two halves of an Eskimo Pie were held apart by nothing. The box is supported by a huge spiral-stair-filled column outside and anchored on one side by a vestigial-looking tendon that plunges into the ground. On the middle story, floor-to-ceiling windows slide away on hidden tracks to make the room disappear almost entirely. If that's not complex enough, there's a three-story-high bookcase, and the porthole-like windows of the bedrooms are angled to illuminate certain places. Absurd, wonderful, revolutionary.

for so long, potential missions are manifold: atmospheric research, reconnaissance and—designer Burt Rutan hopes—launching vehicles for space tourism. Proteus has the body of an insect but the heart of a jumbo jet.

7 Felix Nussbaum Building, Osnabrück, Germany This gallery, housing works of an artist who died in Auschwitz, is the first architectural theorist Daniel Libeskind, 52, has finished. Libeskind's ideas on the presence of absence—how to



represent something that isn't there—and his fascination with layers and the fractured, broken and diagonal line make for some fabulously strange exhibition spaces (not to mention dangerous windows).

8 Hannibal tape dispenser Cute, colorful and witty: Isn't this what the world has always wanted in a tape dispenser? Hannibal comes in bright colors and oh-so-1998 translucent plastic. He sits on your desk looking intimidatingly like his epo-

story shed sheathed in rocks that are held together with the gabion system—a technique used to hold up embankments on highways. But despite its stony visage, this winery, designed by Swiss architecture firm Herzog & De Meuron, is less brutal than brut-worthy and sits well in the Napa landscape. Once inside, visitors find the stony exterior becomes a playful moiré that lets in shards of light. The stones are transformed, just like the grapes within each cask.



10 Mimid Miniature Mine Detector With 70 million land mines buried out there, this sleek, telescopic diver with its Miesian line couldn't have arrived sooner. Created by Gerhard Heufler, its carbon and glass fiber-reinforced plastic body comes in basic CI Joe green, weighs 3 lbs. and quickly collapses into a small backpack for transporting to remote areas. The controls take just a few minutes to master. This is good design with a good purpose.

nym, the guy that almost conquered Rome, until you need tape and then presto: as you fold his trunk out, he induces a mid-boring-office-chore smile. Only one flaw: Who pays \$60 for a tape dispenser?

9 Dominus Winery, Napa II's a shed. A 300-ft.-long two-

AND THE WORST Technology is pushing us toward the tinier and thinner, but car companies (encouraged by buyers) keep making sport-utility vehicles bigger. As well as pollution and gas consumption, this leads to bigger garages, bigger parking lots and, yikes, bigger fluffy dice.



1 **LAURYN HILL** *Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* (Ruffhouse) Hill has given hip-hop the gift of her own heart: bruised, but still beating strong. She has shown that the genre can reach down deeper than bravado, deeper than rage, and dare to reveal an artist's emotional insecurities and romantic failings and then transform those feelings into music that's eloquent and universal. She's inspired by the old masters—Stevie Wonder, Bob Marley—but she reshapes her nostalgia into fresh sounds, blending neo-soul vocalese and rap rhymes, all powered by hip-hop beats. She soars beyond easy sampling and mere pastiche: her songs are of the moment, but built to last. Listen to her voice and hear a new world.



2 **Seal** *Human Being* (Warner Bros.) The man sometimes called the British Marvin Gaye lends intelligence and panache to the often juvenile world of pop R. and B. Seal's majestic, soulful voice has never been more expressive, and his songwriting, always pensive, now reaches deeper into the mysteries of love. Who will save soul? Seal will.

test producers in pop, including Sean ("Puffy") Combs, Dallas Austin and Jermaine Dupri. The rejuvenating cross-generational collaborations are more than a marketing move: this is Franklin's most rewarding album in more than two decades. The queen's long reign continues.



6 **Deana Carter** *Everything's Gonna Be Alright* (Capitol) A queen of the four-minute soap opera sings about lovers and losers—her people are typically both—in a strong set that blends country, rock and power pop. In songs of dreams without fulfillment, hurt without despair, Carter makes a hard life sound beautiful.



10 **Danilo Perez** *Central Avenue* (Impulse) Perez, a pianist, is after a kind of musical Creole, mixing straight-ahead pop with motifs from Cuba, Brazil and his native Panama—all at once! *Central Avenue* may not be the year's most coherent album, but it's emblematic of the new, more supple, more eclectic brand of fusion that's enriching jazz.



3 **Chucho Valdés** *Bele Bele en La Habana* (Blue Note) A native of Cuba, this fleet-footed performer is one of the world's finest pianists. Mixing jazz with traditional Afro-Cuban musical forms such as *son*, *danzón* and *mambo*, he creates ferociously cerebral songs that break boundaries, cross oceans and are too spirited for any embargo to contain.

5 **Stephen Hough** *New York Variations* (Hyperion) England's most imaginative pianist pays tribute to America's finest solo piano music, including Aaron Copland's *Piano Variations*, composed 65 years ago but still as up to date as a news flash, and the debut recording of George Tsontakis' *Ghost Variations*, a forceful, boldly conceived virtuoso showpiece headed for a concert hall near you.

7 **Hepcat** *Right on Time* (Helicat) This nine-member band, based in Los Angeles, plays old-school ska with sweet vocals and warm, gentle horns. The songs, many of them genial ballads and jazzy instrumentals, breeze by, carefree but never insubstantial. This is an album that makes you dream of the Caribbean, or of dancing under starlight, or perhaps both.

4 **Aretha Franklin** *A Rose Is Still a Rose* (Arista) On her latest album, Franklin teams up with some of the hot-



AND THE WORST Boy Groups **Backstreet Boys**, *'N Sync*, **98 Degrees**. All-male vocal groups are all over the charts and all over MTV. But their vocals skills are limited, and they seem to spend way too much time styling what little facial hair they have. The Jackson 5 did it better. These jokers make one long for the relative authenticity of the Spice Girls.



Find Out Who Will Be The 1998
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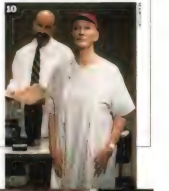
cal revue has found it. From the ragged sets of *Titanic* to the titanic ballads of *Ragtime*, this show has got Broadway's number.

8 Swan Lake You mean, the swans were once played by women? That's an understandable reaction to Matthew Bourne's acclaimed version of the ballet, with an all-male corps of swans. It's no cross-dressing stunt but a visually luscious and dramatically convincing reinterpretation. Will the Tonys notice?



9 The Magic Fire In Péron's Argentina, a family of refugees from Hitler's Europe is jolted into a realization that history may be repeating itself. Lillian Garrett-Groag's play, staged at Washington's Kennedy Center by the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, combines warm family comedy and savvy political melodrama with rare skill.

10 Wit A woman dying of ovarian cancer spends her last hours telling us about her life. The subject is familiar, but one cannot remain unmoved by Margaret Edson's well-crafted play and the toughness of Kathleen Chalfant's starring performance.



1 THE BEAUTY QUEEN OF LEENANE For the first few minutes, it seems like a typical slice of Irish local color, full of overripe characters and accents you can barely decipher. But Martin McDonough's extraordinary play, about a mother and daughter testing each other's patience in a bleak corner of rural Ireland, gradually displays

an imposing arsenal of playwrighting weapons: a well-made plot that keeps bending in unexpected ways; flashes of sardonic comedy; and a sense of tragic inevitability that Ibsen himself might have admired. Flawlessly performed by the original London cast (three of the four won Tonys), it is one of the major theatrical experiences of the '90s.

2 Cabaret Remember when Joel Grey was considered seedy? Alan Cumming gave Grey's *Wilkommen* a sinister new twist as the androgynous emcee; Natasha Richardson embodied a defiantly deglamorized Sally Bowles; and British director Sam Mendes made the terrific Kander and Ebb musical even more terrific.

funny, outrageous and poignant.

4 Not About Nightingales Looking back, Tennessee Williams probably found his early, unproduced play crude and lacking in poetry. Both are true. But Trevor Nunn's intense production (which had its U.S. debut at Houston's Alley Theatre) also shows off the raw power of a dramatist on the verge of greatness.



5 Corpus Christi Pity the play that doesn't live up to its advance "controversy." Terrence McNally's recasting of Christ as a contemporary homosexual might have drawn more fans had it really been a gay *Godspell*, as some sniffed. Instead it's a sober, impassioned work, given great force by Joe Mantello's clean and clever staging.

6 Trainspotting The Scottish slackers of Irvine Welsh's novel are even grungier and sadder in Harry Gibson's stage adaptation than they were onscreen. The off-Broadway production is rather stripped down, but rich dialogue and fine acting turn it into a memorable trip to the lower depths. Including that infamous toilet bowl.

7 Forbidden Broadway You had to look hard for good entertainment on Broadway this year, but the latest version of Gerard Alessandrini's perpetually updated satiri-



3 Hedwig and the Angry Inch John Cameron Mitchell, who co-wrote this off-Broadway hit, also plays the "internationally ignored" song stylist who changed sexes to escape East Germany. Part nightclub monologue, part drag musical, the show has a score that outtakes *Rent* and a script that is by turns

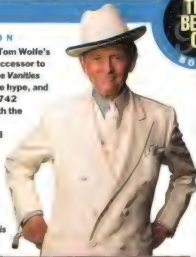


AND THE WORST Broadway high-flyer Garth Drabinsky (*Show Boat, Ragtime*) crashed to earth as new partners found his company, Livent, to be awash in red ink. Now Livent is in bankruptcy, tours are in limbo and Drabinsky is out.

THE BEST OF 2004

FICTION

1 A MAN IN FULL Tom Wolfe's long-awaited successor to *The Bonfire of the Vanities* lives up to all the hype, and then some. It is big (742 pages), crammed with the author's keen and boisterous prose and encyclopedic in its scope. Wolfe believes that novels can still show us the way we live now. His version of a cross section of today's Atlanta proves that his novels certainly can.



2 Paradise Toni Morrison's first novel since she won the 1993 Nobel Prize for Literature tells a haunting tale. After the Civil War, nine ex-slaves move their families to the Western territories to found a new community and new lives. Nearly a century later, some of their descendants jointly commit a violent crime. Why? What happened to the dream of paradise? Morrison's soaring, incantatory prose provides the rich, unforgettable answers.



3 Charming Billy The title character, Billy Lynch, has just been buried when this shrewd, elegiac novel opens.



Alice McDermott shows Billy's family and friends in a Bronx bar, hoisting a few drinks to the memory of the deceased, a hopeless alcoholic. The author does not underscore this irony; she lets her characters talk, to each other and themselves, and turns in a clear-eyed portrait of Irish-American life.

4 I Married a Communist Iron Rinn, né Ira Ringold, is a prominent radio actor dur-

ing the late '40s and early '50s whose career collapses when his estranged wife writes a book titled, quite accurately, *I Married a Communist*. Philip Roth filters the story of Rinn's downfall through the memories of two men who loved and admired him. The mania of the Red-baiting days is recorded with perfect pitch. Roth's look at the past is harrowing and mesmerizing.

5 Cloudsplitter Was John Brown, the antislavery revolutionary who led the famous 1859 raid at Harpers Ferry, W. Va., a visionary or a madman? Russell Banks frames this question in fictional form, a furious, sprawling drama narrated by Brown's real-life son Owen. The result is a historical novel that is not simply a period piece or a pedantic tract but an imaginative leap.

AND THE WORST *The Starr report*. O.K., news junkies lapped it up, and TV talking heads droned on about it, but the Starr report was a



pretty pallid piece of work. Wimpish hero, insecure heroine, pizza, thong underwear, a cigar. What in the world has happened to romances?



NONFICTION

1 KING OF THE WORLD: THE RISE OF MUHAMMAD ALI A book about a boxer would seem to lack, well, social significance. Not true here. David Rennick takes off from the 1964 bout in which a brash Cassius Clay dethroned the menacing heavyweight champ Sonny Liston. That fight changed Clay into Muhammad Ali and created a new sort of black athlete. Rennick's account of the aftershocks packs a punch too.

2 Pillar of Fire: America in the King Years 1963-65 Taylor Branch's second installment of his trilogy on the life of Martin Luther King Jr. covers only three years, but they were complex and fateful times.

Lyndon Johnson ascended to the White House and rammed through the Civil Rights Act of 1964, a triumph for King. But his doctrine of nonviolence was being challenged by Malcolm X, and a war in Southeast Asia escalated. Branch's book is an eerie chronicle of deaths foretold.



3 Lindbergh

His 1927 solo flight across the Atlantic made him, at 25, the most famous person on the planet. A. Scott Berg records what happened to the aviator before, during and after his transcendent triumph. The later life proves especially poignant, not only because of his child's



murder. Lindbergh came to dislike commercial aviation and was accused of pro-Nazi sympathies. A hero who flew so high became a troubled human back on the ground.

4 Titan: The Life of John D. Rockefeller, Sr. The man who made his surname synonymous with limitless riches was reviled and caricatured during his life, and posterity has not been too much kinder. Biographer Ron Chernow's account portrays both the thin-lipped skinflint and the philanthropist who gave away hundreds of millions of dollars to worthy enterprises. Monopolies seem to be back in vogue. Wherever he is now, the old man must be smiling.



5 Slaves in the Family Sullivan's Island, just across the bay from Charleston, S.C., was once a major docking point for incoming shiploads of African slaves. Journalist Edward Ball grew up on the island; his family in the area stretches back to 1698 and



includes generations of slave-owners. Ball's research into this personal past is not a guilt trip but a journey of discovery.



2 Sammy Sosa What if you trekked to the North Pole all by yourself, only to find Admiral Peary got there five days before? The great part is that Sosa's 66 homers weren't ignored. The fans embraced his fun-loving, gracious style, and major league baseball gave him the National League MVP—over McGwire.

3 Michael Jordan As in some far-fetched action film, Michael Jordan once again snagged victory at the last second. His sixth championship of the decade came over a favored Utah Jazz team. Who was putting his Vegas money against MJ? Smarter to bet he'd score 45 points to win Game 6 and another ring.



4 The Yankees Thanks to strong journeymen like World Series MVP Scott Brosius and a whole lot of teamwork, the Yanks put together the best season ever—without a megastar. They won 114 regular-season games before racing through three levels of playoffs. They also landed a perfect game, a batting title and fans outside New York.



1 MARK MCGWIRE Starting right with spring training, all of baseball was focused on one man. The riddle that every fan pondered (and every reporter posed to McGwire): If Babe Ruth hit 60 homers in 1927, and Roger Maris hit 61 in 1961, could McGwire hit 62 in 1998? McGwire mocked the question, hitting an incredible 70 over the fence. And they were 70 big ones: four went more than 500 ft. The St. Louis Cardinals' batting practice became a show in itself with crowded outfield seats; his practice shots got bigger cheers than real ones at most stadiums. But more than hitting a ball really far, McGwire showed what a true sports hero he is by the way he handled the attention with class and with respect for his worthy rival, Sammy Sosa.

5 Cal Ripken Jr. Ripken ended his record 2,632-consecutive-game streak quietly, sitting out a game unannounced at the end of the season, when *SportsCenter* was tuned to McGwire, Sosa and the Yanks. Ripken was healthy, but knew it was time to give someone else a chance to play. Before he started The Streak, the Dow Jones was 819.54. Worry.



6 The Broncos Remember when you thought an AFC team would never win the Super Bowl again? Well, John Elway and his Broncos won an upset Super Bowl XXXII.

and then used that momentum to try for a perfect 1998 season. And for the first time in recent memory, they made football cool. Anyone who saw Elway's 14-yd. catch is a fan.

7 Czech Hockey Canada and the U.S. shoved in as many NHL players as could fit on a team and packed them off to Nagano; each squad came home with zero Olympic medals. The Czechs, led by NHL goaltender Dominik Hasek, beat them both. Then they crushed the formerly occupying Russians in an emotional championship game. The all-

night celebration in Prague made U.S. ticker-tape parades look silly.

8 Jeff Gordon Just 27, Gordon has won three of the last four NASCAR championships. His 13 wins this year tie Richard Petty's 1975 record. His domination of the sport (and his stilted, good-boy image) has already lost him fans. But his guts, skill and pit crew will be breaking records for the next few decades, so get used to him.



9 Iran's World Cup Team The upset of Brazil by France's ethnically diverse home team may have been the defining moment of the World Cup, but for pure excitement it was scrappy Iran trouncing the cocky U.S. team. Any game that, by the second half, persuaded some Americans to root for Iran has to be good.

10 Ricky Williams Just when the NFL was short on running backs, University of Texas senior Ricky Williams broke Tony Dorsett's 22-year-old record for career college rushing yards. Since Williams has dreadlocks, a nose ring and a pierced tongue, plus a refreshing measure of humility, odds are his name is going to be on your kid's shirt this time next year.

AND THE WORST The NBA Lockout. It's hard to imagine that anyone who watched the 1994 baseball strike would think, "Hey! Why don't we try that!" Yet basketball owners and players, unable to agree on salary caps, are halfway to scrapping the season. If they return without Jordan, we're sticking with college ball.





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Motrin Prescription
Proven Power

THE BEST OF PEOPLE



GERI HALLIWELL Who knew her life could be so bland without Spice?



RILEY WESTON Lied about her age in Hollywood. Who ever heard of that?



MATT PIERCE He was the First Beau. Now he's the first ex-First Beau



JESSICA SKLAR Wed. Met Seinfeld. Yada yada yada. Getting divorced



JAMES BROLIN Car-product pitchman nabs Babs. Michelin man jealous

15

WHO HAD THEIR 15 MINUTES

People for whom the world's short memory is a wonderful thing



NATALIE IMBRUGLIA Could she be the one-hit wonder from Down Under?



JESSE CAMP Word has it, some teens sometimes understand this MTV VJ



STEPHEN GLASS His next big story is an exclusive interview with Elvis



CAST OF DESMOND PFEFFER Sitcom Lincoln's butler is no slave to laughs



CHARLES LOWE Channing's spouse gains fame in novel way: not having sex



KATHLEEN WILLEY Clinton accuser asked year's most arousing questions



REGGIE WHITE Man of cloth made racist and homophobic remarks. No amens

THE RODMAN AND ELECTRA MARRIAGE Fortunately, announced split before producing any offspring



NORM MACDONALD Wins pity after SNL cans him ... until he releases Dirty Work



MAGIC JOHNSON, TALK-SHOW HOST At least he outlasted Chevy Chase

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Christine Gorman

Miracle Blood

Doctors are using cord blood from babies to save lives. Should you pay to store your baby's?

ARE YOU DOING EVERYTHING YOU CAN TO PROTECT your children? What if, God forbid, your daughter developed leukemia and needed a bone-marrow transplant? What if neither you nor your spouse could offer a close enough match to donate marrow? If you'd had the foresight to preserve some critical blood cells found in the umbilical cord and placenta that nourished your other children in the womb, you might be able to save your daughter's life.

Or at least that's the sort of pitch that has motivated more than 10,000 parents in the past three years to pay \$1,000 to private companies that freeze and save their children's cord blood. (Although cord-blood transplants work best in children, they have also been used to treat adults.) Should you store your next child's cord blood? The short answer is, probably not. But there are important exceptions, so please read on.

First, it helps to understand that bone-marrow transplants are the most unforgiving of all transplant operations, requiring closer matches in tissue types between donors and recipients than for, say, hearts or kidneys. Because the immune system comes from the marrow, a transplant of that reddish pulp is, in effect, an immune-system transplant. There's the usual possibility that the body may reject the graft as "foreign." Then there's the almost surreal danger that the transplanted immune system will attack and kill its host.

Cord blood, which is painlessly harvested after birth, seems to be an ideal solution. The placenta is teeming with the all-important stem cells that can generate a new immune system. Even better, these cells are, as doctors put it, "naive," making them less likely to attack their new host. As a result, a cord-blood transplant doesn't have to match a recipient quite so closely as a bone-marrow transplant. This experimental treatment could prove especially helpful to African-American patients and other minorities whose greater genetic diversity often means they have trouble finding a good bone-marrow match.



Save cord blood if ...

- You already have a child with leukemia or lymphoma
- There's a family history of Fanconi's anemia or severe combined immunodeficiency

So, in light of all this, do you need to bank your newborn's cord blood? Again, probably not. The odds that you would use it are on the order of 1 in 100,000—compared to a 1-in-30,000 lifetime risk of being killed by lightning. In addition, you can't use a child's own cord blood to cure him. If he had a genetic condition, you'd be giving him back his old disorder. If he had cancer, you'd be giving him the same immune system that failed to defeat the cancer in the first place.

The only cases in which it clearly makes sense for you to bank cord blood are if you already have a child with leukemia or lymphoma or there's a family history of a genetic condition like severe combined immunodeficiency (the Bubble Boy disease). Here the chance that you will use the cord blood is much greater, and it's more likely to be used successfully.

Otherwise, if you have the opportunity, you should donate your child's cord blood to a public bank, like the one at the New York Blood Center. (Most hospitals are not yet equipped to handle donations.) You could save someone's life, at no cost to you. With almost 9,000 units of cord blood on hand, the New York center can find a suitable match for 60% of the 20 to 30 patients from around the globe who each week ask it to find them a donor. The center estimates it would take just 100,000 units to have matches for 85% to 95% of all patients worldwide who need them. ■

For more on cord-blood transplants, visit www.nybloodcenter.org. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com.

Good News for Diabetics

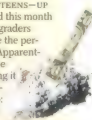
BLOOD SIMPLE! THE FDA LAST WEEK okayed Lasette, a portable laser device that enables diabetics to draw blood easily, with little or no pain. Many patients test their blood-glucose levels every day—in some cases 10 times—by pricking their skin with a razor-sharp steel lancet. By contrast Lasette sends



a beam of light that vaporizes skin and creates a tiny hole so quickly—30 millionths of a second—it's barely felt. Cost: \$2,000.

Bad News on Heroin

HEROIN USE IS UP AMONG TEENS—UP the nose. A study published this month concludes that 2% of 12th-graders have tried the drug, double the percentage who had in 1990. Apparently most are snorting it in the mistaken belief that inhaling it is less addictive than injecting it. Plus, heroin is cheap: average price has dropped two-thirds in this decade.



Good News on Smoke

CLEAR THE AIR ALREADY! A STUDY OUT last week examined the respiratory health of bartenders in California before and after smoking was banned in bars earlier this year. The finding? Just two months after the ban took effect, 59% of bartenders said their wheezing, coughing and other respiratory problems had cleared up. Lung function—a measure of the rate of breathing and volume of air exhaled—also improved.

Bad News on Water

WATCH YOUR WATER SOFTENER IF YOU have kidney disease or hypertension. A recent case study suggests that using potassium-based softeners may lead to a dangerously high buildup of the mineral in the blood in certain high-risk folks.

—By Janice M. Horowitz



Sources: Food and Drug Administration, Publishers, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, New England Journal of Medicine



Daniel Kadlec

Gifts from the IRS

Act before the New Year to take advantage of the Roth IRA and other valuable tax breaks

IN THE SPIRIT OF HOLIDAY SHOPPING, LET'S CONSIDER some 11th-hour tax planning. It won't help you score a Furby for your toddler, but the right financial moves before the end of 1998 will have far more impact on Junior's well-being. The same basic year-end tips tend to get rehashed ad nauseam. So I won't spend a lot of time encouraging you to defer income into next year and accelerate deductions into this year. Ditto for making certain that you use, not lose, any money still in a flexible-spending account

at work and for making charitable donations in the form of appreciated assets—stocks in most cases—to get a market-value deduction without anyone's paying tax on the capital gain. Let's skip to tips that are less well known or have special significance this year.

The big one is the Roth IRA—much talked about but mind-bogglingly underused. Put simply: you have just two more conversion weeks till Christmas. Don't blow it. Mutual-fund companies estimate that only 5% of people eligible to convert their old IRA to the Roth version have done so. There may be a crush of late activity, and paperwork received the last week of December may not get processed before the year-end deadline.

Should you convert? You'll have to pay income tax on the amount you shift. But the money can be withdrawn tax-free in retirement. Generally, if you meet the income limits (less than \$100,000 household income), won't need the money for at least 10 years, and can pay the tax without dipping into IRA funds, you should convert. By doing so before year-end, you get to spread the resulting tax bill over four years. If you've already converted and find that your stocks or funds have fallen in value, reconvert to cut your tax bill.

The new Education IRA, which lets you set aside \$500 per child each year, must be funded by year-end. Like the Roth, it allows your money to grow and be withdrawn for college free of tax, but it offers no deduction. You can take as much as a \$1,500-per-stu-



Year-End Tax Checklist

- **Roth IRA** Convert now to get a big tax break later and four years to pay tax on conversion
- **New mortgage** Deduct points if it's your second refinancing
- **Fund swap** Sell a loser and buy a new fund of similar style

dent credit on 1998 taxes by using the Hope Scholarship and prepaying now for the college spring semester. You can take up to a \$1,000 credit per family by using the lifetime learning credit. Each program has income limits and other restrictions.

Remember that gifting money to heirs is not the same as donating to charity. In the latter case, as long as you write the check this year, you can take the deduction. But gifts occur in the year that the check clears—a quirky distinction. If you're in the midst of refinancing your mortgage a second time, get it done before year-end. Any points you paid on the earlier refinancing become immediately tax deductible. If you refinanced into a bigger mortgage and used the difference for a home improvement, you can take an immediate deduction for a prorated portion of the points on the new mortgage.

You still have time to sell losing or winning stocks in order to pair gains with losses, or to realize up to \$3,000 of losses to set against ordinary income. Consider swapping a loser stock fund with a similar-style fund to stay invested but realize the loss. Finally, if you turned 70 before June 30, you must take an IRA or 401(k) distribution now—or pay a 50% surcharge. You can get relief, but the process is more painful than battling rabid shoppers on Christmas Eve.

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See time.com/personal for more tips. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com. And see him Tuesdays on CNNfn, 12-40 p.m. E.T.

Health Plans Are Pricier

AMERICANS MAY GET A SICK FEELING when they see how much health-insurance premiums will increase in a few weeks. While prices have barely risen in recent years, the average cost of health plans will go up 7% in 1999, thanks to money-losing managed-care companies and high drug prices. Some premiums may rise 20%, and the self-employed face jumps of up to 40%. One possible remedy: before the current open-enrollment season ends, earmark part of each paycheck for a tax-free medical savings account.

The Cost of Health Insurance



*Frost & Squire
Source: Health Associates

Your Own Social Security

POLITICIANS IN WASHINGTON LAST week discussed how to save Social Security, but Americans are trying to see if the numbers add up. During the next year, every adult will receive a statement that shows how much she pays into the system and how much

she should get back upon retirement. Without Social Security reform, the young will be big losers.



Direct Shares on the Web

WATCH OUT, ONLINE BROKERS: the quickest, cheapest way to invest on the Net may soon be by trading with companies directly. In the next few weeks brand names like Home Depot and Compaq, with the help of a firm called Stockpower, will start selling stock directly from their web-sites, offering cut-rate commissions and low minimum purchases. And for more info on the old-fashioned form of low-cost, direct stock buying, dividend-reinvestment plans, check out www.dripcentral.com. —By Daniel Eisenberg and Kathleen Adams



We'll Do More Than Remind You About The Roth IRA Conversion Deadline



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Joshua Quittner

Her Way and Mine

I buy top-of-the-line computers. My mom likes to get the cheap ones. What works for you?

FOR THE HOME USER, THERE ARE BASICALLY TWO WAYS to buy a computer: my way and my mom's way. Since this is my column, I'll tell you my way first. As

the tech columnist for the nation's pre-eminent newsweekly, I naturally need the biggest, fastest, scariest computer in the land. And since my company is buying, damn the expense. I require video and 3-D cards to run the coolest games ... er, spreadsheets; at least 96 megabytes of RAM so I can keep half a dozen programs open at once; a 17-in. monitor so I

can see it all and a 10-gigabyte hard drive to store it. Also, stereo speakers with a subwoofer that rumbles like the voice of God, just to annoy my cats.

How do I find the best machine? Easy: I ask my geek friends. For the past few years,

they've all said the same thing: the Millennium, from Micron Electronics. And they're right. I bought my first Millennium two years ago and a second this year, ordering through the micronpc.com website. It's the king of PCs. The machine is solid—no tinny clicks and clatters when it does its micro-processing—and it never fails, no matter how much junk I put in it.

I have but one nit to pick with Micron. A few months ago, I had occasion to call the 24-hour toll-free support line on behalf of my older Millennium. The machine came with Windows 95; naturally, I updated to Windows 98 as soon as I could. But now the Micron help guy said he wasn't allowed to support it—the machine had been "altered." This is a hugely cheesy way to treat customers. Still, even if you plan on altering it, a Millennium Max, with a 450-MHz Pentium II chip that's even faster than mine, now costs \$1,999—a bargain, in my estimation.

Ah, but not by my mom's reckoning. Frankly, she's more experienced at buying computers than I am. I'll bet, though, that I've spent 10 times as much as she has. Here's why: when Mom wants a computer, she goes to *Bosco's*, her trusted, local department store in Reading, Pa., and buys the cheapest box she can find. Usually she buys something that's been returned



My Choice

■ **Millennia Max**
by Micron Electronics.
A 450-MHz box with lots of extras: \$1,999



Mom's Choice

■ **Packard Bell, Vision ... whatever**
Last year's model, at a trusted store: \$800

and refurbished, though covered under a new one-year warranty. The machine she selects is invariably last year's model. As such, it has plummeted in price—sometimes as much as 50%. Her machine is hardly obsolete; it does what mine does, though somewhat slower. (Her kids are grown; she has time.) She can browse the Web on a 56-K modem, listen to music on modest speakers, play games, run spreadsheets, and make me feel guilty via e-mail for not visiting more often. She paid \$800 for it, two years ago.

Here's where Mom is way smarter than her Baby Bear: in a few months, she'll take out an ad in the newspaper and sell her two-year-old machine for \$600. Then she'll go to *Bosco's* and buy last year's model for \$800 (or less.) Her M.O. is to get a great PC every year or two while never spending more than \$300. Now, you might not be lucky enough to live near a *Bosco's*—but the principle is sound. Go to a local department store or another outlet that you trust to take your machine back if it doesn't work out for you. Buy this week's special: Packard Bell, Hewlett-Packard, Acer, even the little-known brand (Vision) that my mom got. They're virtually interchangeable so long as you get a warranty. The key is the store. A good one won't try to sell you a machine with, say, inadequate RAM or no monitor. Just ask my ma. ■

For a list of Web sites that sell PCs, visit timedigital.com. Questions for Quittner? E-mail him at jquitt@well.com.

Manners in the Digital Age

DON'T YOU HATE IT WHEN SOMEONE at the next table in a restaurant thinks it's cool to jammer away on his cell phone? Well, there's a new

book out to set him straight: *Wireless Etiquette* by Peter Lauffer (\$14.50 from omni-point.com). Maybe you can copy a few appropriate pages for your briefcase and pass them out to offenders.



Better than Books on Tape

BUSY, LITERATE PEOPLE HAVE LONG employed audio books to get the most out of their drive time. In January they can go digital, searching an online archive (at audible.com) of more than 16,000 hours of audio books, radio broadcasts, lectures and daily summaries of the *Wall Street Journal*, then downloading selections to the MobilePlayer-PLUS from Audible in Wayne, N.J. The \$300 pocket-size device comes with headphones and holds eight hours of content.



The Palm III's New Trick

TURNS OUT THE POPULAR PALM III handheld computer is even handier than people realized. Last week maker 3Com confirmed rumors that a free program that lets the unit double as a remote control for TVs can also be used by thieves to unlock car doors equipped with infrared remote locking systems. But only a few cars (including some Mercedes-Benz) use

such a system, and because a thief must first copy the code from the remote sold with the car, 3Com declared such break-ins "nearly impossible."

—By Anita Hamilton



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By MICHELE ORECKLIN

P E O P L E



Zonkers! Is That You, Duke?

Is your Ziggy tea cozy beginning to fray? Your Wizard of Id pinkie shears a little dull? Don't reach for that Dilbert catalog. This week, the cast of *Doodlesbury* will debut on mugs, tumblers and T shirts at Starbucks around the U.S. "I've always avoided merchandising because it seemed at odds with the philosophical point of view of the strip," says GARRY TRUDEAU, who created *Doodlesbury* 28 years ago. But now, the artist has joined forces with the coffee conglomerate to raise money to fight illiteracy; with all net proceeds of the items will go to charity. But not any started by Mr. Butts.

Keeping His Appointed Rounds

KARL MALONE is down with his fellow workers, but perhaps didn't realize they include people working in TV. The Utah Jazz basketballer, an outspoken advocate for NBA players locked out by team owners, appeared on *Live with Regis and Kathie Lee* last week, passing picketing ABC workers to do so. Malone's agent said the hoopster was ignorant of the strike and was asleep when his driver wheeled through the picket line. A spokesman for the striking ABC employees said the union accepts the highly plausible explanation. Later, Malone visited Central Park to film a video for a virtual fishing game, a sport that could earn new fans if the strike goes on much longer.



PERHAPS THE TOM ARNOLD'S DIRTY SECRETS ISSUE?

In 1990, ROSEANNE used the *National Enquirer* for publishing her stolen love letters. In February, she'll act as the tabloid's guest editor. "They're a very influential magazine," says the talk-show host, who apparently possesses a bountiful capacity for forgiveness. "I read stuff about myself in the *Enquirer*, and two years later, it shows up in the *New York Times*." Roseanne is no cub reporter. In 1996 she acted as a consultant for a "women's" issue of the *New Yorker*. "I've gone from the supposed highest literary peak to a real working-class one," says Roseanne, "but I'm more excited about the *Enquirer* because people actually read it and the cartoons are funnier." The comedian says she plans an item on the 10 most beautiful women (none under size 14) and, possibly, something on JonBenét Ramsey. Says she, ever modest: "I've got that one all solved."

And to Think He Never Made It to Elected Office

Last week New York mogul ABE HIRSCHFELD was charged with trying to have a former business partner killed, the latest twist in a career pockmarked with wild unpredictability. A brief résumé:

- 1976: Spits on New York State Assembly speaker for refusing to back him for U.S. Senate
- 1986: Fails in his attempt to become Governor Mario Cuomo's running mate
- 1990: Spits on Miami *Herald* reporter for unflattering coverage
- 1993: Awarded ownership of the *New York Post* by a bankruptcy court; fires 72 employees, including editor Pete Hamill, only to rehire him within days. Loses control of *Post* 16 days later, after Rupert Murdoch buys it
- 1997: Indicted on 123 counts of tax fraud, case still pending; won the right to sue prosecutors
- 1998: Offers Paula Jones \$1 million to drop an appeal of her lawsuit against the President
- 1998: Charged with giving an intermediary \$75,000 to kill former business partner Stanley Stahl, a charge Hirschfeld denies



Lewis Grossberger

Ol' Black-and-Blue Eyes

Concerned about all that raw FBI data on Sinatra? Here's how you should read it

AS SOON AS THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INSINUATION LET loose its lurid 1,300-page scandal sheet on Frank Sinatra last week, an anxious populace began asking itself the agonizing question: "Does this mean I have to reassess my position on the legendary swinging blue-eyed crooner from Hoboken, N.J., who embodied popular music and indeed pop culture in the latter half of the 20th century while swaggering about obnoxiously with his dissolute lackeys, or can I just bag it and catch a few hours of sleep and then go to work in the morning just as if nothing earthshaking had occurred?"

Well, don't panic, people. I'm here, I'm in charge, and I'm gonna handle this thing. Together we'll get to the bottom of it right now, or the martinis are on me.

I mean, surely you didn't expect a champion headline-maker like Francis Albert (as he always insisted I call him—or would have, I'm sure, had we ever met) to stop making headlines just because of a minor matter like death. Being dead doesn't mean you can't go right on being controversial. Look at Tom Jefferson, 172 years without a twitch, but he's in hot water. And the FBI hasn't even released his file yet.

O.K., let's get right to these allegations. As you know, there are two kinds of FBI files: raw and refined. Raw files, which should be taken with a

fresh acidic wine such as Muscadet or Sancerre, contain the most salacious and lewd rumors gleaned from the most untrustworthy and reprehensible scum on earth. Their original function was to provide amusing bedtime reading for J. Edgar Hoover (which is why he kept them in the bureau). Today they enable the FBI to keep U.S. crime statistics low by threatening to give the media the raw files of anyone even thinking about going bad.

Refined files I don't have the space to get into right now, but they mostly concern aesthetic offenses, and you're probably not cultivated or genteel enough to appreciate them anyway. Besides, the Sinatra files are all raw. Very raw.

Allegation 1: that Francis Albert dodged the draft. Ridiculous. Everyone knows he was in both the Army and the Navy during World War II. You've seen him singing and dancing in a sailor suit while on shore leave. And you saw the tragic fight he waged while trying to defend Pearl Harbor against Ernest Borgnine. Some may say, "But those were just movies," but

that's the point! It was Frank's obligation as a celebrity to keep morale high on the home front. That is what we ask of our stars during wartime, not to become cannon fodder.

Allegation 2: that Frank was involved with the Mob. Now, I have been asked about this charge many times, and I always give the same response: Just because Frank posed for pictures with every leading capo, underboss and cement contractor of the day doesn't mean that he joined them in their nefarious underworld activities. Oh, occasionally he rode along on a hit or two, but that was just one of those social obligations a star of his stature is expected to discharge. He never really liked it.

Allegation 3: that in 1938 Frank was once arrested in Hack-

ensack, N.J., for seduction, a charge later reduced to adultery. (Though these acts are no longer considered crimes in the U.S., you can be impeached for them.) As to whether he really committed such despicable offenses, just ask yourself: Does this really sound like Frank?

Allegation 4: that Frank offered to "snitch on lefties for the FBI," as an unsavory tabloid put it. Again, the baselessness of this charge can be quickly deduced from its failure to jibe with what we know of Francis Albert's character. Leaving aside for the moment the question of how the Rat Pack may

have gotten its name, consider: If Frank Sinatra had been angry at communists, would he have sneakily tattled on them? Of course not. He and his pal Jilly Rizzo would have headed for the nearest saloon where the dirty reds hang out, picked out the smallest and beat the living daylight out of him!

Allegation 5: that to dodge the alleged draft, Frank told his draft board he was terrified of crowds and got really nervous around elevators, and was subsequently labeled psychoneurotic (a lay term for what psychiatrists call "cuckoo-nutso"). O.K., this one is completely true. And if you don't believe me, just ask any of his ex-wives.

What then do we conclude about Francis Albert? Two things. One, that he sinned frankly and naturally, which is why he was called Frank Sinatra. Two, our dead celebrities are too valuable a resource to be squandered. As currently constituted, the FBI is not up to the job. Louis Freeh must be replaced immediately—by Matt Drudge. ■



SWINGING LOVER: A New Jersey mug shot of a young Frank Sinatra after he was arrested for seduction in 1938

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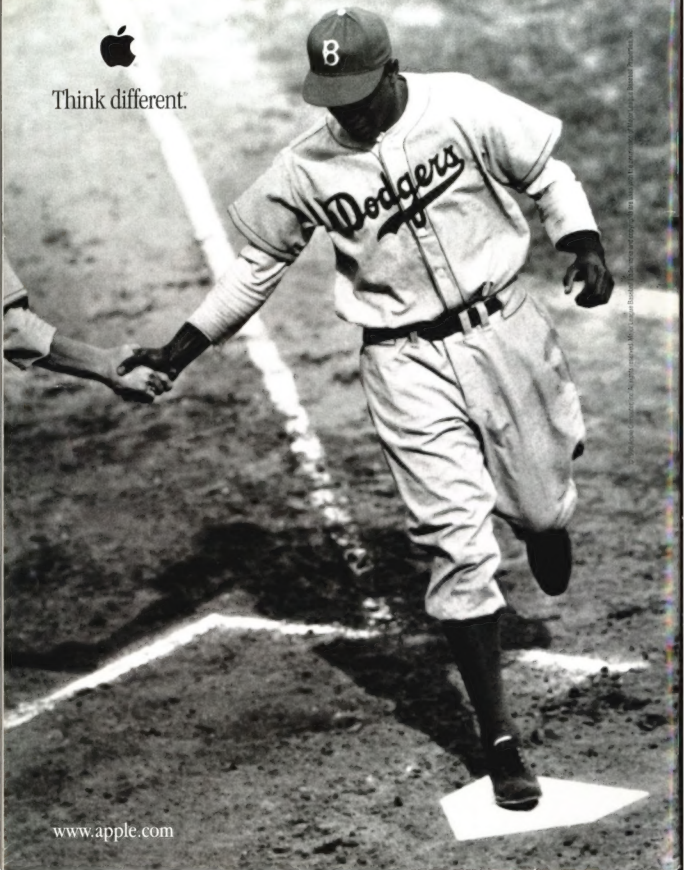
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